

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NORA, BELOVED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

There's not a flower on branch or bush,
Along the garden paths I stray,
To mind me of the crimson blush
The roses wear the day.
We wandered down this fragrant way:
But blossoms sweet are quickly shown
In Memory's quiet dale,
Each bud, to bright perfection grown,
In fading beauty dwells;
For these they live, for these they bloom,
Oh, Nora! bid wither the leaves.

The clouds have gathered in the west,
And spread their shadowy loom,
Where late a sunset glory dwelt
The sky with vernal glow:
And yet, beloved, I know—I know
The shadows drop their sable wings
About you starry place,
Where only bright and radiant things
May find a resting place.
Oh, precious thought, what strength it sends
To bear the burden life extends!
Memphis, Mo.

ETHEL'S SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BERTHA BARTON.

CHAPTER I.

Down on the sea coast of England there is a long, level tract of land styled "The Waste," probably deriving its title from the desolate aspect which it presents.

Huge masses of jagged rocks loom up along the shore, against which the waves beat with a sullen murmur; and the cry of the sea-gull seems to sound louder and shriller here than elsewhere. The soil is sandy, and produces little, save clumps of stunted shrubbery, and sprigs of yellow grass.

At the time our story opens, groups of fishermen's huts were scattered along the beach, frail old tenements, periodically threatened with destruction by devastating storms, but which still bravely stood, defying wind and wave.

The weather-beaten seamen gained a scanty livelihood by industriously pursuing their daily avocation, apparently well content with their location, and seeking no other destiny than to live and die within sight and sound of the sea. A wild spot generally possesses some tradition or mystery. The Waste had claim to the latter distinction, and, unimportant spot though it was, an exciting topic was frequently discussed, which related exclusively to that little portion of the great world.

The majority of the inhabitants of The Waste maintained a firm conviction that their particular portion of the coast was the resort of sea-monsters. Some stated that upon dark, stormy nights, lights could be seen moving among the rocks, and the hum of voices distinctly heard above the roar of the hurrying waters.

Certainly the rocks, with apparently inaccessible caves, afforded ample facilities to these hardy braves, but the more intelligent portion of the community asserted that "Her Majesty's Coast Guard" was far too vigilant and efficient to allow any such flagrant infringement of the law.

Notwithstanding this contrary opinion, those who had expressed their views, still held their ground, arguing that the "Guard," which was stationed some miles above The Waste, seldom visited the spot, and that their currency investigations could scarcely be productive of satisfactory results; and they also daily hinted their suspicions of certain of the fishermen being in league with the outlaws.

No light had, as yet, been thrown upon this disputed point.

About two hundred yards from the shore, there stood a tall white house, with a long piazza extending around the building, and conspicuous by green blinds, shading the numerous windows; a low hedge enclosed the yard, and a few flowers fruitfully endeavored to enliven the narrow domain of the garden.

Its present proprietor was a Mr. Thornton, who with his two children, here lived in deep seclusion. Why a man so eminently fitted to adorn social and public life should voluntarily select this retired spot, as a place of residence, would have been an enigma to one unacquainted with his history.

Early in life, Mr. Thornton had held a government appointment in India. Before leaving England he married, and took his young wife with him to the East, and there amassed a large fortune. Some years later he threw up his appointment, and with his family set sail for his native land.

The homeward-bound vessel performed a prosperous voyage until it neared the English coast, when a fearful storm occurred. The ill-fated ship was beaten upon the rocks of The Waste, and utterly destroyed; many perished. Mr. Thornton (who, at the moment of the accident, was struck senseless by a falling spar,) and his children were among those saved by the storm.

ous efforts of the brave fishermen, but Mrs. Thornton was numbered with the lost.

Mr. Thornton isolated his wife, and almost succumbed beneath a blow which he would not acknowledge as inflicted by a marvellously Divine hand. He seemed indifferent to the existence of his children, and his wealth was accounted as so much dust, now that the loved one could no longer share it with him. He instinctively shrank from the thought of again mingling with the busy world, and beside it was the scene of his wife's death, and where she lay buried; and he decided to make it his temporary home.

The Alton House was tenanted, and he became its purchaser.

Five years had elapsed since the occurrence of the above-mentioned event, but Mr. Thornton still lingered at The Waste.

It was an afternoon in early spring: The Waste seemed revived beneath the sun's warm rays, and presented a brighter appearance than usual. The sun stretched far and wide its glittering waves, dotted over with innumerable little boats, with furled sails. The fishermen in many instances rested idly upon their oars, for though rough by nature, they were not insensible to the influence of such a time. But not in accordance with this peaceful scene was the countenance of the boy, who with hook and line, thrown casually over his shoulder, walked with listless step in the direction of the Alton building. He was apparently about fifteen, tall of stature, with a broad brow, dark wavy hair, and lips of firm, decided cut; his eyes might have been considered fine, but for the heavy, even desperate expression which they wore, as if engorged with thoughts crowded his brain, to which he gave no utterance. A keen physiognomist would, at a single glance, have decided that the boy possessed a large capability of good in his nature, and also observed that he was not destitute of a degree of the contrary quality, that were he equipped by a skillful, loving hand, his facile brow with, and his virtuous countenance, the good would predominate, but if compelled to submit to restrictions from one who neither understood nor appreciated him, a naturally noble nature might be ruined.

This was Earl Thornton.

As Earl threw open the gate at Alton, a girl two years his junior, ran down the piazza steps, with a book and her hat in her hand, and came toward him.

His countenance changed as he beheld her. His dark eyes lit up with a strange beauty. "I had hoped to reach the beach before you left," she said, breathlessly, "but this tiresome Latin. All this lovely afternoon I have been sitting in the close library, poring over 'Cæsar.' Earle, is it treason to papa, to wish that the 'language' had never invaded our little world of The Waste? I hate Latin, and like Greek no better."

"A girl cannot be expected to appreciate the 'Cæsar,'" replied Earle, "but you have been crying, Ethel."

Now if there was anything that Ethel dreaded more than her Latin task, it was for Earle to gain the knowledge that she had been weeping. She knew that boys in general, and Earle in particular, detested such a manifestation of weakness, and as Earle was her all in all, she endeavored by every means in her power, to assimilate her nature to his, and she naturally dreaded incurring his displeasure.

"Not before papa, Earle. Oh, not before papa!" she exclaimed in a deprecating tone, as if hoping that assertion would slightly mitigate her offense in her brother's eyes.

"I shed only a few tears," she continued, "I was so weary and could not master my task—"

"You were sent off in disgrace!"

Ethel's cheeks crimsoned.

"Yes," she replied. "To you, Latin is easy work, Earle; but I find it very difficult."

It was pretty to see her humility, and her inflexible belief in his mental superiority; her faith in his power; and above all the devoted love that beamed in every lineament of her countenance.

"We will go down to our favorite rock, Earle," she said, as she drew her arm through his; "and you will soon make my lessons plain to me."

"The acquisition of Latin is not the chief aim of one's life," he said, slowly.

The two walked on in silence until they reached their destination, a large, flat rock, which commanded an extensive view of the sea; here, with Earle's assistance, Ethel succeeded in conquering Cæsar, and the book was quickly thrown aside.

Ethel stood upon the rock, and shading her eyes with both hands, gazed far out to sea.

"Earle," she exclaimed, "is not that distant object a vessel steering toward The Waste?"

Earle came to her side.

"Perhaps it is one of the smuggler's craft of which we have heard," he replied in a light tone; "probably it will run in to-night, dispose of its goods, and be off again by dawn!"

Ethel laughed incredulously.

"Have you faith in the old rumor, Earle?"

Earle made no reply, but turned as if to obtain a better view of the vessel.

"Earle!" she said, suddenly, "is this the last forever?"

"What, dear Earle?"

"This life that we are leading," he exclaimed vehemently. "In this dreary spot one's nature might well starve for the proper aliment craved by youth; anything is preferable to this monotony—anything!"

"Oh, Earle!" began Ethel, but her brother interrupted her.

"Our father is utterly selfish, Ethel; he almost ignores our existence save in the matter of brain work; he never interests himself in our pleasures or pursuits."

"Do not speak so bitterly, Earle! Few people remember four long years ago—that terrible time is over present to him."

"I imagined that trials were designed and sent to purify and soften the heart; not to serve as a pretext for isolation, austerity, and coldness. Your mantle of charity is not sufficiently wide to include the fault of selfishness, Ethel; but I shall not grieve by remaining here. Why should I, through his coarseness, be debarred from playing my part in the great drama of life; condemned to lead an aimless existence, in this barren spot? I will no longer tamely submit, but carve out my own destiny."

Ethel was accustomed to Earle's moods, but now there was a something in his tone that struck her with an undefinable foreboding.

"Earle, tell me, what do you mean?" she exclaimed in a frightened voice.

"Ethel, were I to go away, would you miss me?"

"Go away and leave me," she said, mechanically, as if she had failed to take in the import of his words. "Oh! you would never be so cruel. I would die without you."

If the simple suggestion caused her cheek to grow pale, and seek a look of misery to dawn in her eyes, what would the reality be? "Forbear, you cannot understand how I long to be free from this bondage, Ethel. All my life I have been a prisoner of the dreary monotony of this life; to distance competitors, carve my name on the scroll of fame; lead a useful life; win a name."

Earle's cheek did not flush with excitement, or the hard, defiant look die out of his eyes, as he spoke. His tone was low and concentrated, as if the passionate longing of his soul was too deep for outward manifestation. He seemed impressed with the belief that his aspirations were unattainable. The inspiration which was wanting in Earle, kindled in Ethel's countenance. With a sudden transition of thought, she forgot self; her eyes dilated, her hands slightly clasped each other.

"Yes, I understand," she said, "I am ambitious for you, Earle. As dearly as I love you, I think I could give you up to such a glorious destiny."

"I will make one more appeal to my father," said Earle, moodily. "He may accede to my request. He possesses wealth, which can secure many advantages; if he still refuses me—"

"You will endeavor to be patient until a change comes," said Ethel, gently.

That evening, in an agony of fear, (although little knowing how much depended upon the interview,) Ethel stood without the library door, not daring to enter, and heard Mr. Thornton's firm words of refusal to Earle's request, and the latter's barely respectful replies and arguments. This was the first open rupture, and it was destined to be the last. The door opened, and Earle came out. Ethel silently put her hand in his and led him to the drawing-room. She took her accustomed seat in the bay window there, while Earle restlessly paced the long apartment. At length he spoke:

"It is all over, Ethel. Our plans and hopes are but a myth. My father calls me undutiful and rebellious; he has decided that I shall remain here until he sees fit to alter his determination, which may not be for years. Of course I have no volition of my own."

It was well that the twilight of the room veiled Earle's countenance from Ethel, or its look of desperate hardness would have haunted her for many a year to come.

Frankly confiding herself, Ethel felt no doubt of the brother who had never kept a secret from her in his life. Had he now thoughts and plans in which she did not share?

"Had our mother lived," said Ethel, slowly, "how very different it all might have been!"

"Ethel, why do you, on this night of all nights, speak of our mother? I dare not think of her."

"Earle, you are excited. Do not brood upon this subject longer. You have often quoted 'all depends upon the time.' The vessel we saw this afternoon is hovering off the coast. Earle," she continued, changing the topic: "I am sure it is the same, although it is scarcely discernible through the twilight mist."

"Yes," replied Earle, abstractedly, "to-morrow it will be gone, and I—"

"Did you speak, Earle?" asked Ethel, who had caught the sound, but not the words, of Earle's low muttered remark.

"I am going to walk down to the beach, Ethel," he said; "probably it will be late when I return; so good-night."

"I will never forget your sincere love, little sister," he continued, "although I may not prove worthy of it." He bent down and kissed her twice, then he silently left the apartment.

Ethel, feeling sadly, lonely and oppressed, went up to her own room and sobbed herself to sleep.

sleep. In the morning she awoke to the first real sorrow of her young life.

Earle Thornton had left The Waste, leaving no clue to his destination and projects. A slip of paper was found on the library table, upon which was traced: "I cannot longer endure this existence.—E. T."

"He has sown the wind. If he reaps the whirlwind the fault will not be with me," Mr. Thornton said, biting to the fist that he had not fulfilled his duty by his only son.

Ethel mourned her brother's absence with all the intensity of her nature; but she was young, and youth naturally rebounds from sorrow. Her dreams now all merged in the thought that Earle had gone out in the wide world, with a brave resolve to work his way upward, and realize the destiny of which he had spoken; she would soon receive some tidings, and ultimately he would return to her. She therefore applied herself to her studies with ardor, thereby endeavoring to while away the hours that seemed almost interminable now that Earle was not with her.

But the months went by, and Earle Thornton's fate was still enveloped in mystery. Evening after evening Ethel sought their favorite rock, and looked over land and sea, vainly hoping to obtain a glimpse of the returning wanderer. At length hope died out. Ethel felt that Earle was dead to her, and the name of the boy, who had become a self exile, was no more heard in the Alton household.

CHAPTER II.

Three years passed. Ethel Thornton was no longer a child; she had developed into a tall, graceful girl—not beautiful, but infinitely charming and attractive.

Since the loss of her brother Earle had lavished all the tenderness of her heart upon her father, who gradually grew less reserved and cold.

Ethel was just sixteen when Mr. Thornton evoked to the conviction that he should not doom this fair young girl to such a sequestered life.

"Would you care to reside in London?" he said to her one day.

"I think I should like it very much, papa."

Mr. Thornton smiled her radiant expression, and sighed. Ethel arose and stood beside him.

"Dear papa," she said in her low, sweet tones, "I am sure it will be a source of grief to you to leave The Waste. I can be quite happy here with you."

"I feel that it is my duty to take my place in the battle of life," rejoined Mr. Thornton. "It was cowardly in me to retire from it, but it may yet be in my power to redeem a wasted past. Had I sooner put aside self a great trial might have been spared me."

Ethel silently kissed him, intuitively divining that he alluded to the lost son and brother, and she felt that remorseful thoughts crowded around him.

"Oh, Earle, if you were but here with me now my happiness would be complete," murmured Ethel, as she sat in her room alone that night, and thought of the glowing future opening before her. "I am going to see something of the great world of which we have read and talked together, while you—oh! my lost brother!"

The following winter found Mr. Thornton and Ethel established in an elegant mansion in Bedford square. At Mr. Thornton's request Mrs. Lacy, a cousin of his, a pretty young widow, installed herself, as Ethel's chaperon. Mrs. Lacy was far too much admired to be envious of Ethel, and she gladly assumed the responsibility of initiating her into the fascinating mysteries of city life. She intended that Ethel should create a "sensation;" but in this she was disappointed. Ethel was admired, but she was not destined to become a star of the first magnitude. Mrs. Lacy acknowledged with a sigh, that her young charge was eclipsed by at least a half dozen other debutantes. Ethel was far too simple, and frank in her manner, to readily become an adept in the many little arts and wiles so much in vogue in society. She had hitherto led such an isolated life that she could not adapt herself to the gay pleasure seekers which thronged around her, and she possessed few things in common with them. Ethel did not plunge in a vortex of gaiety, therefore she enjoyed society, but she always found time to devote to home pleasures and duties. The Sabbath invariably found her seated by her father's side at church.

Mrs. Lacy, for a time, failed to imagine how Ethel could be so out of step as not to adopt the prevailing fashion, viz.: to recede on Sunday preparatory to enduring the fatigue of the ensuing week, and concluded that she (Ethel) must really possess a superfluous amount of energy; but eventually her example drew Mrs. Lacy to the sanctuary, where she learned that the Sabbath was indeed a day of rest, the true rest of the soul.

Mr. Thornton had become absorbed in active philanthropic measures, and it was with a thankful heart that Ethel beheld the careworn expression disappear from her father's countenance, leaving in its stead a settled peace.

It was in London, that great meeting place of souls, that Ethel first beheld Hastings Cleaveland. Mr. Cleaveland was a high-souled man, full of noble aspirations and lofty ambi-

tions, proud, but not arrogant, affable without levity; but some deemed him cold, others cold.

He was respected by all.

One morning Ethel Thornton and a party of friends went down to the Water Color Gallery. Ethel was standing alone before a painting representing an Italian scene, entirely absorbed in the contemplation of its beauty, when she was aroused by Mrs. Lacy's light tones.

"Ethel, allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Cleaveland; Miss Thornton, Mr. Cleaveland!"

"Mrs. Lacy, you are somewhat of a connoisseur, pray come and assist me to decide upon the relative merits of these two paintings," called out Lena Dalmer, from the opposite end of the gallery.

With a laugh, Mrs. Lacy complied with the request.

"I need not ask if you care for paintings, Miss Thornton; I imagine I can draw a correct inference from your countenance," said Hastings Cleaveland in his clear, easy tones.

Ethel smiled back her answer.

"This painting possesses a fascination for me," she said, slowly.

"It is indeed a masterpiece," replied Hastings; "one can almost imagine one feels the influence of the quiet Italian sunset. I have just returned from abroad," he continued, after a slight pause. "I passed several weeks in Florence, and wish that you could see some of the rare paintings by the old masters, that crowd its galleries."

"It would indeed be a great pleasure," replied Ethel, "I have always longed to travel, to view the beauties and grandeur of other lands."

"I trust that your wish may be realized," rejoined Hastings. "I have been something of a cosmopolite, but now gladly turn to my native land."

"It is nearing the luncheon hour, Ethel," said Mrs. Lacy, as she, with the rest of the party, approached them.

Ethel glanced at her watch.

"One o'clock; can it be so late; how rapidly the morning has passed," she said.

"Your remark is a flattering tribute to Mr. Cleaveland's power of pleasing, Ethel," whispered Lena Dalmer.

"Do you attend Mrs. Ray's soiree to-night?" inquired Mrs. Lacy of Hastings Cleaveland.

"No, yes; I believe I have an invitation," was the reply.

"Then an revoir until this evening."

"What metamorphosis has been effected in the 'grand seigneur' that he consents to honor a soiree with his presence?" exclaimed pretty little Myra Ellis, as she shook a shower of golden curls over her glowing cheeks, with coquettish grace. "He effects to despise dancing, and utterly ignores tea, coffee, etcetera. Ethel, can you give us the solution of the enigma?"

And Ethel replied "No," without a blush or a conscious look.

As Hastings Cleaveland turned to leave the gallery his eye fell upon a little blue bird gliding upon the floor. He examined it, and found traced upon the lining the initials "E. T."

Other men frequently appropriated gloves, flowers and curls, preserving them as souvenirs of times and places. But Hastings had never cared for such trifles, and he now laid the dainty glove in his pocket (without even a thought of the white hand it had touched) bravely resolving to return it to its owner.

In all this, Hastings Cleaveland looked neither feeling nor appreciation; he was simply practical. That evening Ethel performed her toilet with emotions of mingled anxiety and expectation. The result must have been satisfactory, for when she stood under the full light of the chandelier, awaiting Mrs. Lacy's criticism upon her appearance, the latter gave her a glance at the faultless figure robed in white, the wreath-crowned head, and the satin slippers, and simply said—

"Veni, vidi, vici!"

"Have you not one set left?" asked Hastings Cleaveland, as he greeted Ethel in Mrs. Ray's drawing-room, later.

"Yes; but I understood that you did not dance!"

"Neither do I," was the smiling rejoinder, "but I was about to ask if you would consider it an imposition on my part, were I to beg you to substitute a promenade for the Redowa?"

Ethel bowed. And Hastings wrote down his name upon the ivory tablets.

It was with a sensation of pleasure that Ethel, after the two first sets were over, took Mr. Cleaveland's arm and walked out in the cool conservatory.

Hastings Cleaveland was different from any gentleman that Ethel had yet met. She soon wearied of the compliments and little nothings which composed the greater part of the conversation of those around her, and often wondered if their imaginations presented no other topic than "Affairs de cour," and the last new Opera. Mr. Cleaveland both entertained and interested her, and her bright eyes and flushed cheeks (she had not yet learned the art of keeping every emotion under perfect control), well attested her pleasure.

"This is our set, I believe, Miss Thornton?"

"The Lancers?" asked Ethel, as she turned to Olcott Cameron, who had just accosted her, and consulted her tablets. "Yes."

She bowed to Hastings, and taking Mr. Cameron's arm, joined the dancers—perhaps a little sorry that her *debut* was at an end.

Hastings Cleaveland stood watching Ethel as

she moved through the doorway she was neither beautiful nor brilliant, but something like a faint, white-robed girl, with such wondrous eyes and smile as were very charming and juvenile. Several times she had met Hastings Cleaveland's eyes, but never his hand; and it was in vain that she endeavored to appear interested in Mr. Cleaveland's conversation. Her companion perceived this, and his lip with ill-pressed cheeks.

Then Ethel's debut. Oloot Cameron had been one of her devotees. Bitter man of the world that he was, he was exceedingly admired Ethel's style; he imagined she would well perform the honors of his home; that it would be pleasant to have her by his side, leaning back among the luxurious cushions of his well-appointed equipage, as they drove through the Park, envied by those who once hoped to draw the prize that he had won. Therefore, Oloot Cameron decided to occasionally propose to Miss Thornton. And as he was, in many points of view, considered the mouth of the season, he entertained no doubt of his acceptance.

The following morning, Hastings Cleaveland called upon Miss Thornton.

That evening, as Ethel stood before her mirror arranging the lustrous pearls in her hair, for the evening, a bouquet was brought up to her; she glanced at the card attached. "H. C."

With a blush and smile, that only the mirror beheld, Ethel replaced the pearls in her jewelry case, and admiring a few white buds, placed them among her dark braids.

When Mrs. Lucy asked Ethel, in a laughing tone, "Where were her jewels; and did she intend to effect a severe simplicity?" the former made no mention of the bouquet, but simply replied, "that she was tired of them; every one wore pearls."

At the soirée, Hastings noted the honor conferred upon his friend, and felt that there was one more which, if he could win and wear, would insure his happiness forever.

London was now invested with a new charm to Ethel Thornton. Visits to the Royal Academy, and mornings spent in the Water Color Gallery, were far more enjoyable to her, now that Hastings Cleaveland was by her side to point out new beauties in the paintings, and to interest her with his vigorous remarks and original views.

At length Oloot Cameron awoke to the possibility of his beloved for prize slipping from him, and proposed to Ethel, and was refused! He received his unlooked-for refusal with great equanimity, however. Truly he had never loved her, (his shallow nature was incapable of that passion,) but this disappointment wounded his pride. He considered that the world knew of his attentions to Miss Thornton, and felt that it would conclude that he was discarded. Mr. Cameron thereby imagined himself injured; and an injury was something which he seldom forgave.

He did not avoid Ethel after this. On the contrary, he was as courteous and as friendly as of yore, but in after time she had cause to remember that Oloot Cameron had played the part of a rejected suitor.

When Ethel Thornton's and Hastings Cleaveland's engagement was announced, the London world professed to be a little startled.

"Certainly Miss Thornton was very charming," it said, "but so very quiet and unassuming. It was to be surmised that Mr. Cleaveland would have selected a more brilliant beauty for the future Mrs. Cleaveland."

Ethel was very fondling; she gave Hastings the whole history of the past. She told him of the mother whom she so fondly remembered; of her father's gloom; and her lonely life at The Waverley; but she dwelt longest upon the memory of her lost brother—whom she felt assured slept under the green sod, although she was denied the rest and repose of beholding his grave.

"She has suffered," was Hastings' mental comment, "and my whole future life shall be devoted to promote her happiness."

Also! the trust love cannot ward off sorrow, which is our heritage.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Sights in China.
After inspecting shops, and allowing, and being allowed in the crowd, all afternoon, when I was ready to drop with heat and fatigue, my pilot steered me to a small square, flagged with stone, on which the sun shone fiercely. He called it "bigger square," and told me that all the destitute and abandoned sick in the city crowded, if they could, to this spot, because those who died there received burial at the expense of government. While he spoke, my eyes were fixed upon some heaps of dirty, tattered clothes upon the ground, which presently began to move, and I discovered, to my horror, three miserable creatures, lean and covered with odious filth, lying in different stages of their last agony, on the bare stones, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. They came here to die, and so one heeded them, or gave them a drop of water or morsel of food, or even a little shelter from the noontide glare. I had some shocking things of this kind in India, but nothing so horrible.

To insure a climax of disgust, my guide led me straight to a dog-butcher's shop, where several of the nasty, fat, oily carcasses of these animals were hanging for sale. They had not been flayed, but dangled there with their smooth, shining skin, which had been scalded and scraped clean of hair, so that at first I took them for sucking pigs. There were joints of dog, ready roasted, on the counter; and in the back of the shop were several cages in which live dogs were quietly sitting, licking their tongues out, and appearing very unconcerned.

I saw several cats, also, in cages, looking very dejected; and, moreover, I saw customers, decorous and substantial-looking householders, inspect and feel the dogs and cats, and buy those which they deemed fittest for the table. The cats did not like being handled, and mowed loudly. "What reason think of that?" said my guide. "When a poor cat is sold, it is sold very good, very fat, very soft. Oh, number one choice is dog!" And he was as good as dead!" I asked, "Oh, Chinese cherish everything. Overlook plenty eat. Chinese eat every beast, I think, except, say, a cat. My dearest had two long mixed up with European and American ship captain and misanthrope, that he had learned to eat his kind to his country, if his idea had not actually undergone great modification, as is the case in India, with those educated natives of the present day, known to us as specimens of 'Young England.'"

"It is possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends," I replied. "I don't even know what my own may be a year hence."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1894.

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, exclusively for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST; A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Pence;" "The Triumph of Truth;" "Hastings;" "Aubrey Derwent;" "Ellie's Trial;" "Temptation;" "Through Storm and Sunshine;" "Come with Me;" "I Love You, Darling;" "Wild Kate;" "Homesick;" "Caleb Descriptions;" "The Pet Monkey;" "Hailing a Cab;" "Instruments;" "Old Pat;" "Mother Goose," &c.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due to the many old subscribers who have come forward with their warm, kind wishes, and promises of continuing with us. It is a pleasant thing to labor for those whose sympathy and approbation have for years been a part of the life which sustained THE POST as a family journal; and we most cordially thank all who have proved their steadfast interest by the many letters which have found their way to us as the year has drawn to its close. No less cordial a welcome do we give to the new friends who have honored us by their patronage. No less cordial a welcome will we give to those who may yet come; but there is a pleasure to be derived from the kindness of those old friends who have clung to THE POST through long years of sunshine and shadow, which cannot be felt from any other source. The many words of cheer are precious beyond the simple expression found here; and it will be our pride and pleasure ever to merit the esteem and good will so generously manifested.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, that most distinguished festival of the year, is fast approaching.

Its arrival is heralded from every quarter; animation pervades all the departments of life in view of the coming holiday; the children of each and every household are on tip-toe of expectation; a new zest seems imparted to life, and in admiration of so great an occasion which diffuses such happiness, we make it our most profound salutation. It is welcome as a day around which cluster the most cherished associations, as a season of gladness, and interchange of kindness; as a time when bitterness and animosity are forgotten, and old affections revived; pre-eminently it is welcome as the birthday of the Saviour of a world. And here it is well to notice the two aspects of the day;—its ecclesiastical character and its nature as an anniversary to which attach certain customs and general hilarity.

It has its origin in the first consideration; wherever the Christian religion is promulgated there Christmas obtains a place, for it is the birth of the last dispensation,—the birth of Christ which it celebrates, being the opening feature of Christianity.

As the founder of a faith which we all acknowledge, we commemorate the day of his birth; and though we may not be able to fix with certainty the exact time of such an occurrence, yet there is no less a propriety in observing an occasion which alone gives vitality to that faith. Its observance as a church festival dates back to about the year 460. Previous to that time there is no doubt but the early Christians took some note of the day, and handed it down from one generation to another; yet anterior to 300 they were so persecuted, their faith was yet so as a grain of mustard seed, that we scarcely look for church organization or anniversaries of crime. It was not until the Christian faith became that of Constantine by his conversion, that the Christian Church took its place as a national religion; and in process of time the institution of Christmas became a historical fact. It ranks now as the highest festival in the church calendar, for which is appropriated special services in the English, Latin, and Greek branches of the church; and there are in turn beautifully foreshadowed in the preceding services of Advent season foreshadowing the coming of our Saviour as the presence of John the Baptist preceded the actual coming of Christ. So generally is the day acknowledged that it is mentioned from the English branch of the Church look upon it with more than former favor, and so long regard it in the light of their biggest anniversary as a sign of piety.

Though Christmas has its origin in a religious rite, and though our churches are thrown wide open, and the "A-train, and the pine, and the box," are brought to glorify the temple of the Lord; and the bells peal their most joyous notes, and the organs swell their fullest diapason; yet the mass of people overlook its legitimate character in considering it a season which have been inaugurated on the day, in devoting it to selfish gratification, and in too many instances to riotous mirth and brutal indulgence. All the pretty customs which attach to it and have their

origin in love and kindness are entirely lost to the day, even the pretty custom of children, as "hanging up the stocking," and leaving the Christmas tree, are not without their positive good. Do they not help to give a pathway to the heart-strings of home; to swell the tide of affection in the youthful heart, and keep it from drying out in the older members of the family? Santa Claus and Kringle are part of the romance of childhood. We would not banish our glowing reminiscences of the time for any pleasure which might offer now.

In England the lovers of Christmas extend it over a period of twelve days—"twelfth-night" being the culminating point of festivities. So universal and so great an account is the holiday, that the whole nation participates in its celebration from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in his cottage. Parliament is prorogued; and if wine and wassail do not so completely absorb the court, as in the days of former kings, yet there is a general abandon to hilarity and mirth. The minstrels, the yule log, the hearth, the famous Christmas pie, have each their legend to the tale; and on the Continent. Germany abounds with peculiarities all its own. Many fanciful, quaint, and most grotesque superstitions in connection with the day have had their origin in the past—with nations in a semi-barbaric state—and yet find credence in many parts of our globe—where ignorance and superstition still prevail.

The event which we celebrate is a manifestation of God's love to us—let us therefore dispense love towards others, abound in charity and benevolence to the needy—renew family ties, indulge in harmless recreations, avoid riotous excesses as a degradation of the day; and with a thousand kind wishes give all a "merry Christmas."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

THE JANUARY number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "THE FORTY GLASS," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the *Lady's Friend* get such beautiful designs for their engravings. They have a gorgeous colored plate, "THE HARD BATTLE SCENE IN GREENHILL OF YULVAM," which the ladies say is magnificent. The LARGEST COLORED SCENE, FASHION PLAYS is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Dress, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Coats, Fashions, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," by "Stories of Our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Hibernia," by Florence Perry; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

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Price \$2.50 a year; 2 copies \$4; 5 copies (and one gratis) \$15. Now is the time to get out your order for 1895. The prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. The publishers give WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated \$85 Sewing Machines on the following terms: Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine; 870 Thirtieth and the Sewing Machine; Forty copies and the Sewing Machine, \$150. Send 15 cents for a sample copy to DRACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE MIND.

Did you ever look into your brain as into a great, seething cauldron, where bubbled, and foamed, and tossed, and blazed, in continual evolution the mongrel thoughts of the mind? Round and round, over and under, blither and thither, up and beneath, eternally round they go, weaving, by constant attrition, the boundaries which confine them. Let us sit like a ghoul at a feast, and taste of an individual pot-pourri. Every man has his own; extensive according to the capacity of the vessel, scovry in the ratio of his tastes, pungent as wit or keenness prevailed; rich or lean as the marrow abounds; insipid or lively in proportion to the condiments; distilling a delicious aroma, or sending forth a repulsive odor, according to the qualifications; covered with a scum, or boiling free and clear, just as the faculties are cultivated and thought is disciplined.

Having taken our position, let us thrust in our great, seething fork, and detain the first thought which rises to the surface. Ah! what is this? A pretty, pleasant idea just thrown in, insipid in its nature, and requiring the heat and stir of the pot to develop it. Yes, it is, and try your best. Ah! a merry thought, teeming with fun, on the broad grin, and sporting the legions of adjectives which it overflows in its reflecting progress. A very many in its commencement, it has pleased itself

and then into the meditation, and left us staring at an empty space, while with a sly wink, and significant gesture, it dived deeper for similar thoughts. In our chagrin we drop the fork, and snatch the nothingness. We like the thought of Mephistopheles, the materialist, and thrusting in their ingenuity, the materialist is all there, and look with calm observation. Grave thoughts seem to struggle for supremacy, thoughts of life, its aims, the mission of each individual life. By a force inherent within themselves they rise to the surface, and back for a time in the light of contemplation; soon they give place to thoughts of benevolence, how mankind may be benefited, inquiry yield to morality, and morality advanced into a higher motive. These in turn give precedence to thoughts of ambition, aspirations for greater attainments, a higher and better walk. Then hope springs to the surface, joy alternates, until in this well-balanced brain, each and every thought comes to the light in a healthful succession. The bubbling is continuous, the boil is incessant, the roll is eternal, seeking affinity with something it has not found, the immortality which is beyond.

Look again. A lighter matter is tossed on the surface, the herbs of trifling thought remain there in constant evolution for the lack of sufficient momentum in more substantial ideas; or the want of a powerful incentive to rise above the floating foam. There are had thoughts, black emotions down deep in the recesses of the heart which rise to the brain, and being evolved, and revolved, make the surface darker than midnight, unless by repeated attrition against better views, they are worn down, or are so reduced, as to appear but specks on the bubbling mass. Mark again. A prominent thought comes into view; it may be a great one, and most expensive in its nature; it may be good and healthful in moderation; it may be splendid, or it may be grotesque; it appears prominent on the surface, yields occasionally to the effort of other notions to rise, yet each time offering more resistance, demanding more of the exclusion of all other thoughts until every other is kept down, and wildly it rages in its undisciplined empire—a monomaniac. The cauldron is boiling at a white heat, the food mass whirls, and whirls; in making the circuit complete, it has only created a new impulse to rush on with accelerated speed, until the boundaries are worn to the thinnest semblance of protection, and finally burst into fragments; and thoughts springs with a rebound to realms beyond the skies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"HARMONY ON WAKEFULNESS" Published and for sale by J. R. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This a very interesting work, which ought to be in every family library. It has been prepared with much evident care, and is calculated to prove of great use to those afflicted with wakefulness, arising from any cause.

"WISDOMS OF BERTRAM." By the author of "S. Hubbard's Cottas Family." Published by M. W. Dodd, N. Y. For sale by J. R. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS." By the author of "Schubert's Cottas Family." Dedicated to children, and most beautifully bound. For sale by J. R. Lippincott.

"WAS LITRICK." By HENRY HOWARD BROWNE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by G. W. Fitcher, Philadelphia.

"THE FREEMAN'S BOOK." By Mrs. CECIL Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by G. W. Fitcher.

"SUN RAYS FROM FAIR AND CLOUDY SKIES." By COCHRAN GARRIS—author of "Keep a Good York." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blackiston, Phila.

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone is not the most diverting thing in the world.

A truly noble soul will never hate bitterly, even though deeply injured. He stands on too high ground. He may be deeply hurt and much displeased; he may avoid one whom he knows to be an enemy, but he does not harbor hatred in his soul.

The London Spectator, in the course of a caustic and denunciatory criticism of a new poet, remarked: "And this extraordinary production Mr. modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe." The audacious publisher managed to make a favorable notice out of this for his advertisement, thus: "Extraordinary production . . . equal to Goethe—Spectator."

The very latest case of economy of which we have heard, and which is authentic, says the New Bedford Mercury, is that of an heiress who actually turned old letter envelopes, sewed them up with cotton ravelings, and then used them in her correspondence.

A Saginaw (Michigan) officer started in the cars for Detroit, the other day, with a female prisoner who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. While the officer was absent in another car, the conductor came along for the fare. Female culprit refused to pay. Conductor threatened to put her off the train. Female culprit dared him to do it. Conductor did it.

A sweet potato was raised in Dayton, Ohio, which subtended a family of ten children for six weeks, and the potato is now being used as a bed-quilt.

The manufacture of brass buttons at Waterbury, Connecticut, which is now a heavy business, employing several hundred hands, commenced with an ingenious mechanic making some coat buttons from sheet brass. Then a neighbor wanted some, and finally he constructed a simple machine for making them, by which he and his heirs got wealthy; and now a million of dollars are invested in machinery in his native town.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

A TOAST.—"The Press: It expresses truth, it removes error, it promotes knowledge, it deprives tyranny, and it opposes none."

A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection made for the first time, related what took place, and among other things, she said, with all her childish innocence, that "a man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

A BIRTHDAY REMARK.—A New Hampshire gentleman says: "Take two large tablespoons of courage and two teaspoonful of free salt; mix them a gusher in a small bottle; every time you have any acute affection of the nose, or sore throat, simply breathe the fumes in your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

II.

I don't mean sounds. Here is what I do mean: "Mr. Smith, don't you think the month of November was disastrous this year?"

"Very disastrous."

"Earlier cold for the time of year, though, than last?"

"I think it was quite cold."

"Mr. Smith, don't you think the Prince of Wales would like an ill-mannered school boy at Liverpool recently?"

"Yes, miss."

"Don't it seem to you that the Atlantic Monthly essays are running their Mutual Admiration Society a little too hard lately?"

"It appears so to me, miss."

"The Atlantic is 'at the head of American Monthly'—is it not?"

"It is certainly at the head."

"Mr. Smith, don't you think Government ought to legislate to keep and pardon poor Jack Davie?"

"Yes, miss, I think Government ought to pardon him."

"Mr. Smith, do you know it has lately been discovered that the moon is made of green cheese?"

"A—very, miss?"

That's what I mean. Whereby it will be seen that the word *cheese* is not a noun neuter, but a noun masculine or feminine, as the case may be. That is to say, take an echo, clothe it in flesh and blood and bones, leave out the brain, let it wear pantaloons or corsetine as you please, and you will have my exact idea.

Did you ever meet any of my school? That elegant little "good society" is full of them. They are the most graceful dancers at the Apollo, the very best bouquet holders at the opera. They never shock your darling people.

Oh, dear, no! and they insist upon agreeing with you in every minute particular with a pertinacity which nearly drives you crazy. They are of your mind so entirely altogether that you, with your wildest propositions, can no more startle them than you can kill an alligator with bird shot. If you should tell them that you were about to make another month's journey to heaven, they would only express a polite wish that the climate might agree with you! They assent eternally to everything you say, they fret your nerves and wear out your temper to that degree where it would give you unspeakable delight to fling the tongs at their heads. (N. B.—I often feel so myself.)

Good society has a pet name for her masculine echo. Do you know what it is? Whither-soever the echo in pantaloons goes, he is that most exasperatingly, whimsical of all wretches, "a nice young man."

My gentleman friend, as you value your earthly good name, never let your acquaintances speak of you as that remarkable-for-nothing-in-particularist of all mankind—a nice young man. Anything but that. Rather even let them call you a Brigadier General, if they will. Rather be a dog and bay the moon. For a nice young man is the hollowest of all echoes.

The nice young man has his feminine counterpart. Did you ever think what a dead weight of lame modernity drags itself behind the expression, "an amiable young lady?"

If not, just do it now. Do people call you an amiable young lady? It means that your whole moral existence has so far been very much like blanc mange without any taste. Not a grain of spice; not a bit of either sweet or sour; not a drop of the red wine of life in you. It means that you haven't an honest, independent opinion of your own about any subject.

verdict. Then you are only a reflection of the ring-glass of the tastes, manners, and fads of those around you; a mere walking drum-major's show signifying nothing more. It means that there is nothing bright and keen and glad in your nature, but that you are dead and dull and commonplace to the heart's core. Be a scold, a hoyden, a flirt, if you will, but for heaven's sake don't be an amiable young lady. I'd rather be called a woman's rights lecturer.

My echo is the person who "hasn't an enemy in the world." No wonder. Neither has a dead oak log.

So much for good society's echoes. There is another still worse. It is the literary echo, the poor Polly-wanna-be-imitator of some leading writer. If a would-be aspirant after literary honors hasn't wit enough to find a style of his own, he may take it for an infallible sign that he at last has no divine calling to be an author. And if some highfalutin critic tells him that such and such a passage is worthy a Tennyson or a Carlyle, or some other great light in literature, let him know if for a dead consistency. An ape isn't a genius, nor a parrot an original thinker.

The faculty of imitation is a most useful one. It teaches a young gentleman to smoke and swear, and a young lady to make "tasteful" and to wear waterfalls. But I doubt if it ever made an author.

Some time ago, a very bad English nobleman, Byron by name, introduced to the reading public a style of poetry, half rakes, and wholly wicked. From that day to this, long-haired youths in turn-down collars, with all that bad English nobleman's immorality, and none of his genius, have unceasingly done the world with spasmodic effusions of Byronic trash.

Within the last half century, a matter of twenty years ago, it may have been, somebody, I know not who, but a person who would better have had his funeral preached before he died it, wrote a sentimental, moonish novel. I wonder how many two-penny scribbles, since that day, have echoed "down the corridors of time" this sentimental and moonish way of novel-writing?

Don't write feeble echoes. If you have a thing to say in your own way, say it; the world will be glad to hear it; if you haven't, keep still. If your friend tells you that you have drawn a caricature equal to Dickens, don't feel flattered. On the contrary, tear it up. If anybody says that you have a sense of the beautiful as fine as Mrs. Browning, don't let your sense of the beautiful fly away with your common sense. Above all and before all, never echo the "fine old English authors." Charlie Lamb says: "In the catalogue of books which are no books, I reckon generally all those volumes which our grandmothers' library should be without." He is right.

Be yourself. If kindly nature has organized you to love reads and poetry, love them with a single-hearted enthusiasm, but never drop any pseudo-enthusiasm in the direction of another, if she has not. Keep your own door within you the better, bright spirit which came to be honest.

555.

If Brigham Young's one hundred wives
their lord with Curtains Leagues, what,
what, must be the nature of "Young's Night
reign."

AT THE SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Now the time of the spring:
The air was still: a crystal
Most dimly did sing.

A little brown bird half-tone
With quick eyes seemed to say,
"What has come over our world,
Where is the sun to-day?"

I slipped my basket slowly
Like the wilting spring.
And I sighed, "I do not like
The looks of anything."

I miss the little blue flower
In the field as I pass,
Where its blue eyes used to smile
Up at me from the grass.

Now I see no blossom nigh
But a wide-eyed daisy,
And the red wind flares at her,
The poor thing is crazy.

You know I've grown with lichen
In a shabby cloak,
How winding its ugly length
Through briar and through brake.

Ah, no! it is very sad,
Change on everything,
I shall not come with pleasure
Any more to the spring.

LIZZIE MATTERS.

TEA ROSES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EREX.

Cora Lindsay stood at the window of her handsome parlor, looking out into the crowded street with a troubled, sad expression on her sweet face. She was thinking of her sister, her only sister, wondering where she was on this chill winter evening, longing with all the earnestness of an affectionate nature to see her, and to share with her the luxuries which surrounded her.

Long ago, ten years ago, the two girls, Cora and Clara, had been separated by one of those terrible convulsions that sometimes break up a family circle. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay had never lived happily together. The marriage was a false one to begin with. There was no sympathy between the two, their tempers and characters were totally dissimilar. After many years of misery they had finally separated voluntarily, each taking one of the little girls. Cora could remember very well the scenes of contention that darkened her childhood, and the utter misery of the parting with the little sister and the mother that she loved so well.

At first, after this separation, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay occasionally met, and the sisters passed a few pleasant days together, but for the last few years there had been no such meeting. Mrs. Lindsay had gone to live in her native village in New Hampshire, while Cora had resided with her father in the city, so that there had been little opportunity for any exchange of visits. During this time Clara's letters had grown less and less frequent, until for a year past Cora had not heard from her at all. Her last three letters had remained unanswered, and one which she finally received from a friend in the same town informed her that Mrs. Lindsay and Clara had left there many months before.

Recently Mr. Lindsay had died. Cora was now alone in the world, and sole inheritor of her father's wealth. The last obstacle to a meeting between herself and her sister was removed, and she longed intensely to see again her sweet Clara. She knew, too, that her mother's fortune had not been so simple as her father's, and she was impatient to make her a sharer in her wealth. Yet where was her sister? This question was one that haunted her day and night in her lonely life.

Since her father's death she had boarded in a private family, having her own handsome rooms, and feeling that she thus had some protection; but she would have been very solitary, despite her many friends, but for the devotion of her accepted lover, Alfred Talbot. She was roused now from her gloomy reveries by his entrance.

"Oh, Alfred, I am so glad to see you," she said, with a bright, honest face and earnest eyes. "My dearest, I thought you would be lonely this dark, stormy evening, and I came early."

"What have you there?" as he unfolded the paper from a large parcel.

"The flowers you love."

"Ten roses! Oh, Alfred, you are so kind!"

"My dear Cora, I am too happy if they please you. But what is this? Your eyes are full of tears."

"I can't help it, Alfred. They remind me so vividly of the happy days long ago, when we were all together."

"My darling, I wish I had not brought them," he said, with a troubled look.

"Oh, no, dear, don't say that. Why that is the reason why I love them."

"Is it? I never knew before why you have expressed a wish to have some tea roses. I knew you liked them; that was enough to make me hunt them up."

"And I am very much obliged to you," she answered, inhaling the delicate perfume of the dainty blossoms. "They are to me above all other flowers. There was a great bush of them that stood at the side of the piazza. My mother was very fond of them, and Clara and I used to pluck them for her every day when they were in bloom. Since that time they have been my favorite, for they recall to me all the happiness of those bright days when my sister was my constant companion."

And Cora very soon shook off every trace of sadness, and was so lovely with some of the white blossoms in her hair, and came at her throat, where they seemed to light up the heavy black dress, that Alfred realized he would keep her supplied with them until tea roses came to have another association for her and to be the token of his love.

Alfred fairly melted his lovely fiancée, but he sometimes had grave misgivings as to whether her affection for him was so strong as his for her. He knew that she had been a good deal of a flirt, and that his suit had been strongly advanced by her father, who had made it almost a dying request that Cora should marry

him. Sometimes these thoughts troubled Alfred very much. He would reflect that they had only been engaged when she was in deep mourning for her father, and that she had estimated from him a promise not to announce at once the fact that he would have pronounced joyfully to the whole world. He would fancy at times that she had purchased accepted him merely out of deference to her father's wishes, and despite her tenderness of manner, that she would be glad to be free once more.

A few mornings after he had first brought the roses to Cora, Alfred went again to the green house to secure some fresh ones. He there encountered a good looking young man about his own age, who had come for a similar purpose, and was just about leaving with a large bunch of tea roses in his hand. Alfred stared at him when the gardener said—

"I am very sorry, sir, but I have given all my tea roses to this gentleman; would not some other flowers do as well?"

"No!" Alfred answered, abruptly, and turned away, viewing the stranger curiously; he also had started when he heard Alfred ask for tea roses, and the two for a moment looked into each other's faces, then the stranger went out, and Alfred followed. He noticed that the young man went in the direction that would lead to the street where Cora lived, but across of other persons might like tea roses, and blaming himself for the absurd suspicion that had darted through his mind, he went off to another green house.

But at that time the city was not so large as it is now, and there was no other establishment besides Watkins', where he had first applied, of any consequence. He could not find any tea roses, and very much dissatisfied he was obliged to give up the search.

A few days later, when he thought the flowers might have blossomed again, he once more went to Watkins'. Imagine his annoyance at again encountering the same handsome stranger on the same errand.

Watkins looked from one to the other of the young men in a puzzle.

"Why, gentlemen, you both want tea roses, and nothing else?"

The stranger smiled pleasantly, displaying a double row of very handsome teeth, but Alfred was much more disposed to frown.

"You see, Mr. York," said Watkins, turning to the first comer, "I gave you all the flowers last time, I think I ought to give Mr. Talbot some now."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. York. "Divide them between us, if you like, and give me some mignonette and violets besides."

Again one of Cora's favorite flowers! Alfred thought of this even while he politely acknowledged Mr. York's courtesy.

"Make me up a small additional bouquet," he said.

"What will you have?"

"Mignonette and violets also."

York looked curiously at Alfred, but nothing more was said.

That evening when Alfred went to see Clara he looked sharply about for another bouquet, but none was to be seen. Again he tried to dismiss the singular coincidences from his thoughts, but when on both his succeeding visits to Watkins, he found the tea roses gone, his patience began to be sorely tried.

He had met York either in or near the green house, and the two had exchanged a distant recognition, but when on the third morning he again saw him coming away with all the fresh tea roses that Watkins had, and again watched him going in the direction of Cora's home, he resolved to endeavor, if possible, to solve the mystery.

He went to see Cora much earlier than usual. She started up in blushing confusion, and he saw her hastily conceal something under the chair where she was sitting.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as he came and put his arm around her. "How you tremble."

"You startled me so."

As he stooped over her he inhaled the perfume of a tea rose, and saw that she had a fresh one in her hair. Now he had been unable to send her any for a week past.

"Why, Cora, where did you get that rose?"

"That rose?" she put up her hand, and glanced at him uneasily. "Come to the window, Alfred."

"But tell me, where did you get that rose?"

"Mrs. Brown sent it to me."

He was obliged to be satisfied with the answer, though a deadly suspicion of its falsity struck to his heart. He allowed her to lead him to the window, and then watched her with miserable doubt, when he saw her go back to her seat, and hastily snatching up something she had concealed beneath it, take it into the other room.

"What was that?" he asked when she returned.

"What?"

"That you carried in the other room?"

She laughed and blushed.

"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies."

He watched her a moment, and then asked,

"Cora, do you know a Mr. York?"

"What Mr. York?"

"I don't know his first name."

"Then how can I tell if I know him?"

"Well, he is young and good-looking, with very white teeth."

"Why do you ask?"

"Merely from curiosity."

She did not answer again, but seemed lost in thought, and Alfred asked her no more, but left her that afternoon utterly wretched, and resolved that he would reveal his knowledge of her perfidy not only to herself but to York.

The next morning, the day before Christmas, he took care to go to the green house very early.

"Come for tea roses, Mr. Talbot?" asked Watkins.

"I have just two I can give you."

"Let me have them, then, and make them up into a nice bouquet of other flowers."

"Yes, sir."

Alfred sat down to wait; the bouquet was not complete when York came in; he touched his hat to Alfred.

"Am I too late, Watkins?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Talbot has taken them all to-day."

"Well, never mind, make up a handsome bouquet for me without the roses."

"Yes, sir."

York took a chair near Talbot's, and the two young men entered into conversation; they chatted for some time on indifferent matters; at last Alfred said,

"Will you excuse me, Mr. York, for approaching a subject which seems so deeply personal?"

"Certainly," York answered with perfect good humor.

"You seem to be devoted to a lady who is very fond of tea roses?"

"Yes, you are quite right."

"May I ask who it is?"

York hesitated a moment.

"You do not like to tell an entire stranger," Alfred went on. "But has it never occurred to you that we might both be attentive to the same person?"

Alfred had grown pale as he thus put his apprehension into words, and York started to his feet with a face as startled as his own.

"No, Mr. Talbot, I never thought of it before, but—"

"Now that I have suggested it, it seems possible."

"Yes, though I could not have believed in such perfidy."

"No, I."

Alfred also had risen, and the two stopped back down the green house.

"No one can hear us here, I think," Alfred said as they stood out of sight from the store where the man was tying up the bouquets.

"No."

"Now, Mr. York, there is no need to drag a lady's name into this unless we have both been deceived. Perhaps you know this lady to whom you take the flowers only as a friend?"

"A friend!" exclaimed York. "She has promised to marry me."

"And do you send her tea roses because she is particularly fond of them?"

"Yes."

"Some early association, is it not?" suggested Alfred.

"Yes," replied York, staring at him.

"Where does this lady live?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Don't know?"

"No, that is, I never see her at her home. I meet her in the street; there are certain reasons why I must not come to her house."

"Does she wear mourning?"

"Yes."

Alfred groaned aloud. "Mr. York, I fear we are equally wretched."

York was as pale as he, and equally agitated.

"God help us, Mr. Talbot! I thought she loved me so well!"

"And I thought she loved me!"

"But, perhaps after all, we are wrong," said York, brightening. "I will describe the young lady."

"Go on."

"Light hair of a pale gold, that curls naturally, blue eyes, a fair complexion, a tall, slender, but graceful figure."

"It is she!" cried Alfred. "It is her perfect description."

"There is no use in withholding the name after this," said York, gloomily. "It is Lindsay."

"Yes."

For a moment the two looked at each other in silence. Then Watkins called.

"Here are the bouquets, gentlemen."

"Come!" exclaimed York. "I will tell you what we will do. I have an appointment with Miss Lindsay. Now we will both go to it."

Alfred acquiesced.

"Our doubts will be at rest," he said, "after that."

"And perhaps our hearts broken," answered York, grimly.

They left the two bouquets, and went out together in silence. A rapid walk brought them to the quiet street where York had his appointment; it was very near where Cora lived, and Alfred felt his heart shaken with the corroboration of his suspicions.

They had not long to wait; in a few moments a tall, graceful woman, all in deep mourning, advanced towards them. Every shadow of doubt vanished. Alfred knew so well that slender figure, and the long, enveloping black veil.

She came on rapidly, but hesitated at sight of the two men, who confronted her so sternly.

"Miss Lindsay," said York, "perhaps you can understand why we are both here."

She came close to his side.

"Henry," she asked, "why have you brought this stranger to meet me?"

"This stranger?"

Alfred for poor Alfred to hear those words in that voice! He could endure no more, but grasped her arm fiercely.

"Cora, how dare you treat me so falsely?"

She drew back indignantly, and threw off her veil.

"I am not Cora Lindsay," she said, "I am Clara."

Then Alfred saw that the face that had seemed in every feature Cora's when seen through the veil, was like hers, but yet not hers; the same golden hair, and blue eyes and fair complexion, almost the same beauty, but yet a difference; this face a little older and more anxious than Cora's, though perhaps equally lovely.

He stood back aghast at his own rudeness.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clara," and then his joy overflowed so that he could not contain it. "My dear York!" he cried, "this is her sister, the sister of Miss Cora Lindsay, to whom I am engaged."

"My sister!" exclaimed Clara. "Is she here?"

"Yes, close by. Come! let us all go there at once!"

York's face was as radiant as his own, as he gladly assented, and the three turned to go to Cora's home.

Little was said, but brief explanations to Clara of the mistake that had brought them both to her, and in a few moments they were at the door of Cora's parlor.

"Let me go in first, and prepare her a little," suggested Alfred.

Henry and Clara waited in the hall while he went in. Cora was a little surprised at a visit so unusual on her part.

"What is it, Alfred? Your face is a perfect crimson."

"I have found the person you would most like to see in the world."

"That is yourself, dearest."

"No, next after me then."

"Who is it?"

"Our York!"

"Is it—?" and she sprang up with eager face, "Is it my sister?"

Clara answered the question for herself; the next moment the two sisters were clasped in each other's arms.

After the first burst of excitement was over, Henry York was introduced, and Cora heard all the story of the past.

Clara had been eight years her sister because she had gone travelling with her mother, whose health was failing rapidly. Mrs. Lindsay had

died, leaving Clara almost penniless. She had come to the city, and had been for several months earning her living by sewing. Henry York she had known in his old home. Only recently he had found her again; and as she had no proper place in which to receive him, she was obliged to meet him on the street. Clara had tried to find Cora, but her change of residence, and her complete ignorance of who were her friends, had thus far prevented her success.

They were a happy party when all was told. Cora was so glad to think her sister would be with her; and the young men were so delighted to find they had not been betrayed.

"How could you doubt me?" asked Cora, when she was again alone with Alfred.

"Because you had that tea rose in your hair one day; and because you hid something under the chair."

"Was that all?" laughed Cora, merrily.

"Why that was your Christmas present—a pair of slippers, which I shall give you to-morrow, notwithstanding your doubts."

"My darling girl—I will never doubt you again!"

That Christmas Eve Clara brought her slender luggage to her sister's handsome room. And the next day what a glorious Christmas dinner those four had—at a table that was graced with a splendid bouquet of tea roses.

"SILENTIA."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARCIA HOPE.

Oh! love, the roses bud and blow,
The roses bloom and fade:
But never come then back to me,
In sunlight or in shade!

Long years since last I saw thy face,
Blanching with a sudden woe—
Long years since last I clasped that hand,
And kissed that pallid brow!

"Silentia!" Write it on thy heart!
Shut close the gates of Memory!
Alas! we only met to part—
To see our visions fade and flee!

And this is all! Faded, the past—
Perished, those vows of love and truth—
Dead, all those dreams of hope and joy,
So fondly cherished in our youth!

Dead to each other, and the past—
Press to thy lips the crystal bowl
Of dark Oblivion—drain the dregs—
And write "Silentia" on thy soul!

TWELVE YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LAURA HASTINGS.

By an open window in the parlor of one of those lovely old country seats, of which in times gone by Virginia could boast so many, at the close of a sultry July's day, two ladies engaged in earnest conversation. Both had passed their prime, yet their faces still bore traces of a more than ordinary degree of beauty; but while the latter, and perhaps more beautiful of the two, showed by unmistakable signs that her path through life had ever been smooth and pleasant, there were a few faintly drawn lines and a shade of sadness resting about the sweet, expressive mouth of her companion, which told most plainly that sorrow had been largely mingled in the cup which had been given her to drink.

Twenty years had passed since they had parted, merry, laughing girls, upon the threshold of the institution within whose walls they had spent, as classmates and room-mates, six happy, profitable years in storing their minds with useful truths, and fitting themselves for the position they were to fill in the world.

Twenty years! when they had parted in the firm conviction that a few—a very few months would see them reunited; little dreaming of the changes that were to come to them, that both would be wives and mothers, and one a widow, ere they again beheld each other's face.

Edith Grey, who now under another name welcomed to her home the Bonnie Lee of other days, had returned to a home endeared to her by the devotion of fond parents and a loving train of brothers and sisters, while the merry, light-hearted companion of her girlhood days was borne far westward to the home and father she scarcely knew, having beheld neither since she left them, a child of twelve years, suddenly deprived by death of a mother's love and watchful care.

The time appointed for the meeting of the friends arrived, but instead of uniting them each hour now served but to increase the distance which separated them. One of them stood upon the deck of a mighty steamer, striving to catch the last glimpse of her native shore, as she was borne swiftly onward to the home of her newly-wedded husband in England; while the other kept watch by the bedside of her mother, whose illness had prevented the fulfillment of her promise to be with her friends upon her wedding-day.

Edith Grey had ever been less impulsive than her warm-hearted friend Bonnie, and as she sat musing in the darkened room, watching with intense anxiety each motion of her sleeping parent, and in thought living over the past, felt many a dim foreboding when her thoughts turned to her friend's future. The marriage had been so hastily consummated, and Bonnie had so little strength of character, was of such a changeable, fickle disposition, and above all so little fitted for the trials and cares of life, that Edith could not but feel anxious when she thought of the new life she was entering upon so thoughtlessly and fearlessly.

And yet Bonnie was very happy. Her frequent letters to her friend told of her husband's ever-increasing love and of her own deep devotion to him; and often she spoke in glowing terms of her home—a pretty little wood-bordered cottage in one of the southern shires of England, so different from the western home she had found impossible to leave. Old Mr. Hardcastle, her father-in-law, it is true, was still alienated from her son because of his marriage with an American. Cyril, her husband, had known it would be so, and had hastened the wedding, hoping that when his father knew it was all over, and that opposition would be longer to, of any avail, he would come into measure and take them into his heart and home. The old gentleman still continued ob-

durate as months rolled on, refusing even to see his son and pretty little daughter-in-law; but in spite of all Cyril was very hopeful, and Bonnie of course was hopeful too, being indeed but little more than for any other love than that of her husband.

Two happy, successful years had passed, years which brought no shadow of sorrow, and now upon Bonnie's sunny path a definite flower, a fair bloom, blue-eyed boy—a second Cyril; and as the fond parents fond over their treasure, each seeking in his tiny form some trace of resemblance to the other, they felt that their happiness was complete. Alas! that such happiness should be so fleeting.

We will not linger over the years that followed; years which brought trouble and sorrow to the peaceful, happy home—years, and after a time spent in terrible poverty. Bonnie in his prime by an incurable disease, Cyril Hardcastle lay for many weary months watching the melting snows of his little wife, who, with a strength born of adversity, misadventure to his every want, and strove in every possible way to cheer the shivering man who still remained to them: saw her growing more pale and thin each day, and grieved in anguish at the conviction forced upon him that the little Cyril, the best of their hearts, was playing for the new-birthed food which growing children need, and which it was beyond their power to give him.

Once more an appeal was made to the iron-hearted old father. Pride was crushed, and a most touching petition went forth, only to be returned unopened, with the information that any further communications from him would share a similar fate. In a strength given him from the Father in whose merciful hands he left his loved one, Cyril Hardcastle went down to his grave, imploring forgiveness for the father who out of his abundance had refused him, his only son, bread for his almost starving wife and child.

The senior Hardcastle had never seen his son's wife, and when Bonnie, in all the freshness of her grief, presented herself before him with the unconscious Cyril by her side; kneeling to him and imploring him by all the love he had once borne his only son, not to allow him to fill a pauper's grave, his heart melted before the charms which grief and want had been unable to dim, and for a moment he felt like taking her to his heart and being a father to her; but only for a moment. Stung by remorse at last, and overwhelmed with grief at the miserable tidings she had brought, he was but too glad to find any one upon whom he could fasten his own sin, and reproaching her as the cause of all his son's misfortune, he drove her from his presence almost broken-hearted.

The body of his son, however, was conveyed to its boyhood's home, and borne from thence to its last resting-place with all the pomp and splendor which attends the burial of the rich and great. And Bonnie, the loving, stricken wife, grieved her last kiss upon the day-coat lips when they bore her husband from beneath the lovely roof where she had shared adversity with him for so many weary months. The father-in-law's door was closed against her, although all others might enter at will. He could not, however, deny her the privilege of witnessing the last and ceremonial, and this she did, standing timidly in the enclosure, and telling with heart-beats the number of the clouds as they fell rattling upon the coffin-lid. And then, when all was over, she went back to her desolate home and prayed, despairingly, that she and her boy might die and lie down beside him.

A pitiful annuity from her father-in-law, which in her pride she would have scorned, but for the sake of her child accepted, was now Bonnie's sole dependence, and thus she lived until Cyril was twelve years old. Then fate, or Providence, threw the boy in his grandfather's path in his daily ramble, and an affection deep and strong sprung up in the old man's heart for the son of the child he had so greatly wronged. To Cyril a proposition was made to leave his mother and be taken as child and sole heir to the home of his grandfather, but the boy indignantly spurned the offer, declaring that nothing should ever separate him from his mother. As, as ever

before, when she had freely yielded herself up to the keeping of Edward Holmes, and had never in all the years they had spent together, known a cloud, the light that involuntarily escaped Bessie's lips, bore not the slightest tinge of envy at her friend's brighter fate.

And yet, although Mrs. Holmes spoke in such glowing terms of her husband, her children, her beautiful home—and declared that she had everything in the world to make her happy, it appeared to Bessie that there was more secret trouble on her mind as dawn, of which she would have spoken, and yet she a busybody about nothing. That she would speak of it in time she felt sure, and left it to her to choose her own time and way to introduce the subject. Mrs. Holmes was not long in doing so. She had brought her friend to the cool, quiet parlor at the close of day, feeling secure from intrusion, to speak to her on the subject, which just then lay nearest to her heart.

"I have tried to do my duty by my children, Bessie, how do you think I have succeeded?" she asked as soon as they were seated. She did not wait for an answer, but speaking hurriedly and with considerable emotion went on: "I have tried to be a good mother to them, to bear with them, to overlook their little failings, and yet to raise them up with correct ideas of right and wrong. If I have felt too much pride when I gazed upon them, because they were fine, handsome, intelligent children—a mother can be pardoned for saying this—I have struggled to keep the feeling down; I have tried to win their love, and yet, Bessie, in this one case I have failed."

"My dear Edith, you surely cannot mean what you say. From the little I have seen of them, I should think your children were all perfectly devoted to you; indeed I have never seen children more dutiful, tender, and respectful than yours are to you in my life."

"Perhaps you have been here too short a time to judge," Mrs. Holmes continued, severely heeding her friend's reply, "but did it not strike you from the first that there was one black sheep in my little flock? It seems to me it must be evident to every one who sees the children, if it is only for a few moments."

"No; they all appeared to me lovable and loving. Very unlike in disposition, but still all alike amiable and docile. I am sure you cannot be speaking of Eddie; he is wild and boisterous perhaps, but boys of his age always—"

"Oh! no, not Eddie," the mother quickly replied, eager to defend from such an insinuation her youngest-born, her special pet and darling.

"Well, then, surely not Clifford, who is so manly, so truly a gentleman in every respect; nor Adelaide, who you yourself have told me never gave you a moment's uneasiness in all her life, except indeed that she might injure her health by so closely applying herself to her studies; nor Emily, who even the most casual observer could see was a quiet, consistent Christian."

Mrs. Hardcastle passed a moment in thought, and then said, "I should not like to think it was my beautiful little namesake who appears so bright and guileless. Indeed I am sure it cannot be, for she shows her almost extravagant devotion to you in a thousand different ways every hour. There is but one more, and I am sure it cannot be she, Charlotte."

"Yes, Charlotte! what can you say of her?" The question was so abrupt, so energetically put, that Mrs. Hardcastle was startled.

It startled some one else, too. In the gathering gloom a little figure had stolen quietly into the back parlor, unperceived by the occupants of the other room. Had sought and found some article, and was leaving the room as noiselessly as she had entered it, when she was arrested by the sound of her own name.

Involuntarily she paused and listened, careless, or unconscious of the fact, that she was playing a dissonant part in doing so.

"Charlotte appears to me a quiet, very beautiful little child, certainly not at all evilly disposed, or wanting in affection," was the reply she heard given to her mother's question.

"And yet, Bessie, I assure the child cares for no one in the world."

Alas! that she should stand there and hear her mother give her such a character. She grasped the arm of a chair near which she stood, straining every nerve to catch each word that was spoken, determined to hear all that was said of her.

"To you she appeared quiet and beautiful," Mrs. Holmes went on. "When you know her better you will perceive that she is neither. She is sullen and unamiable, quarrelsome and rough, cross and unapproachable to her sisters and brothers—even Emily, who is so good and gentle to every one, can make nothing out of her, being rebuffed when ever she makes any advances to her. I confess I am heartily discouraged in my endeavors to understand her disposition. She is so variable, that it is impossible to decide how to deal with her. Kindness seems to have no effect upon her, and severity but serves to harden her. But for her being so young, I would send her away to a boarding-school, for I really fear the effect of such a disposition on the other children."

"Indeed, dear Edith," Mrs. Hardcastle said earnestly, "I would not think of such a thing. If the child's disposition be so hard to be understood by you, her mother, think how it would be for the poor little thing at a boarding-school. I am sure if you could but find the proper way to deal with her, you would change your opinion in regard to her. I cannot believe that the child has a bad heart, and I think we ought always to exercise a great deal of forbearance towards people who have these unfortunate dispositions, especially children."

"Forbearance!" Mrs. Holmes repeated, "and have I not exercised forbearance again and again, when I really could not feel myself justified in doing so? It is no use talking, Bessie. I feel that I must give up. I have worn myself out in trying to win her love and confidence; duty she yields me as the rest of my children do, but it is plain to be seen that her heart is not in it. I cannot imagine who she resembles, unless indeed it be the cross old maiden aunt of my husband, whose odious name we have given her, fearing the everlasting displeasure of the old lady, if one of the children of her acknowledged heir, was not named for her. And yet the idea of my having a child named Charlotte!"

Mrs. Hardcastle laughed heartily. The tone and manner of her friend reminded her so forcibly of the Edith of old, so full of fanciful ideas, and so inveterate in her dislike for anything old-fashioned, or anything that sounded the least harsh or unpleasant.

"Charlotte, is not such an ugly name after all," she said, as they rose to obey the summons of the bell, which was calling them to tea;

"and even if it was, you cannot blame the poor child for her name."

"It is unreasonable, but then you know I always had a weakness for pretty names, and all the rest of my children's names are so pretty, that I really decline to have to address Charlotte by her name."

"Why not call—?" the rest was lost in the distance. The owner of the name, which she herself hated most heartily, went to the window, and laying her flushed cheek upon the cool marble sill, burst into a paroxysm of sobs and tears mingled with the plaint, "I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead."

She did not notice that a tall form passed beneath the window out of which she was leaning; paused a moment upon hearing her sobs, called her name gently, several times, and then passed on. In another moment he had entered the parlor and was by her side.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, gently raising her in his strong arms.

"Go away! go away, I tell you," the child exclaimed, struggling to be set down.

"Not until you tell me the cause of those tears," he said, holding her fast.

"Let me down, let me down, I say. I am not a baby and I won't be held."

Still the arms retained her prisoner in spite of struggles, kicks, and sobs, which the small hands dealt vigorously.

"Go away you bad, ugly boy, I hate you," she screamed, in fierce anger.

"No you don't, little one," the owner of the strong arms replied, at length putting her down upon a sofa, but still retaining hold of her.

"We don't hate people we don't know; and you and I can't be said to know each other very well just yet—although we will after a while."

"No we won't, I hate you; I don't want to know you. Oh! why won't you go away and leave me alone!" and again the tears burst forth. No loud and angry sobs any more, but silent tears which seemed to say that she could bear no more, and Cyril, for it was he, feeling most deeply for her—soothed her gently, smoothing the tossed hair from her brow, and saying,

"My poor little Charlie, I would not tease or torment you for the world; and if you don't want to tell me what you were crying about, I am sure you need not; only I could not leave you in such an unhappy frame of mind. Don't you know, Charlie, dear, how wicked it is to get into such a passion as you were in just now?"

Poor Charlotte! He was as bad as the rest. Was it always to be her fate to be told how wicked, how cross, how unamiable she was? She had been leaning quite tranquilly on Cyril's shoulder, the storm of passion having spent itself. She raised herself now, and pushing him from her, said, in a hard, cold voice, painful to listen to in one so young,

"I wish you would go away. I do not need you to tell me I am wicked; I know it well enough."

"I won't leave you, Charlie," Cyril said, "because I don't want you to feel unpleasantly towards me. I want to be your friend, and to have you a friend of mine. Can't it be, little Charlie? tell me, don't you think you can like me a little, just a very little? I am sure I could love you very much."

The soft, soothing voice was fast melting the ice around poor Charlotte's heart; she burst into tears again, and then said, in a low voice, "No, we can't be friends. You think you could love me now, but when you know me better you would find how cross and hateful I am, and you could not love me. No one does, or ever did; and I never expect any one to love me as long as I live."

"Now, Charlie," Cyril expostulated, "you are ungrateful. Do you not know that your papa, and mamma, and Clifford, and Adelaide, and all of them love you?"

"No," she said, looking him full in the face; it startled and pained him to see such a look upon her face, and to know that she firmly believed what she said to be true.

"No one that you have mentioned loves me. Neither papa, nor mamma, nor Clifford, nor Adelaide, nor any of them, nor any one else that has ever known me; there is not one of them but thinks it would have been a blessing, if I had never been born; and, oh! Mr. Hardcastle, I wish I never had been born," and again the tears fell thick and fast.

"Hush! hush!" Cyril said, shocked and grieved. It is very, very wrong to say such things, and you will be sorry that you have done so, when you come to think it all over. You and I will have a long talk about this to-morrow. Papa, and mamma, and Clifford, and Adelaide can't all be wrong; and if they are not, some one is. We must see where the fault lies, but not to-night; the tea-bell rang some time ago, and I am afraid we shall be in disgrace if we do not hasten. Dry your tears, little one, and come on."

"Oh! no, I can't," Charlotte replied, hanging back. "I don't want any supper, indeed I don't; and, besides, papa is always angry if we are not in time; and I can't go to-night, indeed I can't. Please don't ask me," she said pleadingly.

"It would not be right for you to go without your supper, Charlie; and I cannot let you do so," Cyril said, firmly. "Come with me, and I promise to bear all the blame myself."

"They will see I have been crying, and say something to me," the child still urged.

"Never mind if they do," Cyril persisted. "Come on, Charlie, it has to be done, and had better be done at once."

Holding the shrinking Charlotte by the hand, Cyril entered the room in which the family sat at tea. All eyes were turned on them. Mr. Holmes, who never tolerated a want of punctuality, glanced towards them with a shadow upon his brow; and Mrs. Holmes seeing her husband's displeasure, said, rather sharply,

"Indeed, Charlotte, this is too bad; the tea is late yourself, but keeping Cyril until the tea is quite cold."

"It was I who kept Charlotte, Mrs. Holmes," Cyril said, quietly, "which I promise not to do again, if you will pardon us this time. As for the tea, I never drink it—therefore it does not matter that it is cold."

Eddie, a mischievous boy of nine or ten years, leaned across the table to his sister Bessie, and said, in a provoking whisper, perfectly audible to all, with a glance at Charlotte,

"Crying again."

Cyril glanced down at his little friend and saw her quivering lips, then pressing the hand he still held in his, placed her in a chair, and seated himself beside her, whispering,

"Coverage!"

In the course of a game of romps after tea, in which even the dignified Clifford joined, Eddie,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.
SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.
UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

That old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has passed into the possession of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWERS," "THE REFUGEE," "CLARA MORLAND," &c., &c. has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST; A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that remote region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA E. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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Author of "Thanetopsis" and other Poems.

FLORENCE PRITCH,

Author of "Book Me to Sleep," &c.

Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MORTON,

Author of "This, That, and the Other,"

STEPHEN PAUL GRIFFITH,

Author of "Five Lads," &c.

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All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

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UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the

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No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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who was standing in Charlotte's path, was thrown down, and immediately gave vent to a series of piercing screams, which speedily brought together the whole household to inquire into the nature of his injuries. Having fallen on the gravel, he had cut his knee from which the blood was trickling down, and the young gentleman was pleased to consider himself seriously wounded.

"It was Charlotte who threw me down," he exclaimed, as soon as he had stopped crying enough to speak; "and she did it on purpose, I know she did."

"Oh, Eddie! indeed I did not," Charlotte began earnestly, and then seeing her father's brow darken, she went on,

"You did it on purpose, you know you did," Eddie persisted. "You were mad because I said at supper, that you had been crying again, and you ran up against me as hard as you could."

"Go to your room, Charlotte," Mrs. Holmes said, in a cold, stern voice. "You had better be in bed; there at least, you cannot get into trouble."

"Oh! mamma, indeed I did not mean to throw Eddie down—"

"Hush! no excuse! Do as I have told you," and the mother turned away.

Charlotte stole timidly after her.

"Good-night, mamma," she said, in a low voice.

"I cannot kiss you to-night, Charlotte," said Mr. Holmes, in a tone a little less cold. "You do not deserve it. Do you think you do?"

Charlotte made no answer, but walked swiftly away, her heart swelling with various emotions.

And Cyril, who had seen everything, and knew that Eddie's fall was the result of an accident, which might have happened to any one of them, felt his heart burn within him, and could not refrain from uttering under his breath—"Unjust!"

With Cyril to think, was to speak. Approaching Mrs. Holmes, he said,

"If you will pardon me for interfering, Mrs. Holmes, I would like to say that Master Eddie is mistaken in regard to the part Charlotte had in his fall. It was purely accidental. I assure you. Eddie was standing right in Charlotte's way as she turned a corner, and before she knew it she had run against him. Of course he fell down, but in my opinion he made a much greater outcry than the occasion called for."

Mrs. Holmes did not like interference, moreover she never would listen to a word against her pet, Eddie. She replied very coldly,

"I am obliged to you for taking Charlotte's part, but I cannot agree with you that Eddie was not hurt. You can, if you wish, tell Charlotte that she may come down again."

Cyril waited for no further bidding, but hastily entered the house and sprang up the wide staircase. Charlotte was in tears again, and her voice guided him to her room.

"Charlie, may I come in?" he asked, stepping at the half open door. She did not answer, and he entered, approached the bed upon which she had thrown herself, and attempted to raise her.

"I told your mamma how it was, Charlie, that you did not throw Eddie down purposely, and she sent me to bring you down."

"I would not go to save her life," Cyril started back again. "Oh, Charlotte! do you know what you are saying?" he asked.

"Yes; I know perfectly well. She would not believe me, and I never told her a story in all my life. She believed Eddie—she loves him and she hates me; she will believe anything that is said against me. She would not kiss me good-night. It is all Eddie's fault, and I hate him—I hate him, I tell you," she shrieked, passion overflowing her when Cyril tried to stop her.

"I hate you—I hate everybody! Go away and leave me by myself!"

Cyril had never seen anyone in such a fearful passion. The face was crimson, the veins standing out like thick cords, while her eyes fairly blazed, and seemed ready to burst from their sockets. He feared to leave her lest she should do herself an injury, and so, saying, nothing more, he sat down by her, and strove to soothe her anger, increased when he approached her.

"Oh! Charlie, Charlie, this is fearful!" he exclaimed when she had partly exhausted herself. "Do you know that you really frighten me—a great boy, almost a man?"

It was strange what an influence over her his voice possessed. It soothed and quieted her in spite of herself. The outbreak finally over she lay quite still, not trying to stop him, when he told her how safely she had acted, and tried to make her see her fault in its proper light.

"Only think, Charlie, how dreadful it would be if you were to die in one of these fits of passion, and it might be. People have died from such causes."

Charlotte was very repentant, eager to beg Cyril's pardon, and to promise never to get angry with him again.

"There is One you have offended more than me, Charlie," he said very softly.

Charlotte turned her head away, she did not

"We will have all day to-morrow to talk, if we wish. You know I will be here several days longer—so you must not take this as much to heart."

She had followed him to the staircase to catch his last words, when Clifford, who was waiting below very impatiently, caught sight of her.

"Really, Charlotte," he cried, "this is intolerable. A more child like you detaining Cyril in this manner when everything depends upon an early start. You are becoming more disagreeable every day. I shall have to speak to mamma."

"Oh! Clifford, how can you?" Cyril exclaimed, as he saw the angry scowl on Charlotte's face; "besides, Charlotte did not detain me; I alone am to blame."

Everything went wrong. Again a day badly, and it generally adds badly. Charlotte was in disgrace before noon, and sent to her room to remain until she could behave properly. She tried to bear the punishment as she knew she ought to, but Edith followed her, and teased her until she felt worried beyond endurance, fell upon him, and a regular fight ensued. The noise brought Mrs. Hardcastle to the scene of action, and this was all that Charlotte needed to complete her misery. She felt confident that Mrs. Hardcastle would tell Cyril, and that he would turn against her, and when the lady gently strove to impress upon her the wrong she had done she was calm and unrepentant, scarcely speaking at all, except to say that it was all Edith's fault.

Ashamed and wretched, she threw herself upon her bed and cried herself to sleep. To her great surprise she found when she awoke, that it was night, and the moon was shining brightly into her room. She wondered how they could have let her sleep so long, and began in her heart to accuse them of want of affection, each and every one of them. How different, she thought, it would have been if it had been one of the others. How uneasy mamma would have been at such a long, unnatural slumber. How often she would have crept softly into the room; or how tenderly she would have watched beside the bedside until the sleeper awoke.

Then she thought that they had unconcernedly allowed her to miss both dinner and supper, brought with it fresh grief, and the poor child whose trouble was nearly all of her own making, wept until her tears completely saturated the pillow upon which she rested.

A stealthy step aroused her, and she lay quite still, determining to feign sleep. Some one approached the bedside, and laid a cool, soft hand upon her flushed, tear-stained face, and then Charlotte felt a soft kiss upon her forehead, and once more the flood-gates were unlocked. The little arms were drawn tightly around her mother's neck, and she was exclaiming,

"Oh! mamma, I am so very, very unhappy!"

The day for Cyril's departure had come, and yet the long-talked-of conversation with Charlotte had not taken place. Each day they had spoken of it, but something had always prevented, and as Cyril perceived that Charlotte and her mamma got along much more pleasantly than they had done, he considered the advice he had intended to give his little friend not so much needed as it had been.

But now that all the preparations were made, and Cyril had still a few hours at his disposal, he determined to devote a part of them to Charlotte. Going in search of her, he found her and Edith in a violent altercation, both struggling for the possession of an article which neither really cared for, and before he could reach them, blows were being exchanged, and Charlotte was fast working herself into one of the old, unchangeable fits of passion.

Cyril parted them very quietly, and leading the mortified little girl away, spoke to her for a long time of her faults, not sparing her in the least, deeming it mistaken kindness to do so.

"I am going away, Charlie," he finally said, "to be gone many weeks, perhaps months. My mother will be here for some time longer, will see all that transpires, and will write to me everything that she thinks will interest me. I have told her that I desire particularly to know how it is with you while I am away. You are a little girl, Charlie, but I have taken a deep interest in you, and hope I shall never have cause to regret it. Now do you not think it will give me much pain, if my mother writes to me that you still let your temper have complete control over you, that you are disobedient to your parents, unamiable to your sisters and Clifford, and cross and unkind to Edith?"

"As my mother will not be here when I have completed my tour, I may not see you again before I return to Europe, but I shall use every effort to get here before I leave America, if it is only for a few hours, and I want you to promise me, Charlie, that you will try very hard to improve yourself before I return."

Charlotte's "I will try," was so faint, that Cyril could scarcely catch the words, but he saw that she was greatly moved, and felt sure that the seed which he had sown had fallen upon good ground.

Summer had gone, and a soft, white mantle covered the lawn upon which Cyril had joined the children in many a game of romps when it was fresh and green, when he again beheld it. He made his friends but a flying visit—only, indeed, to say "good-bye," but promised that if all went well, he would meet them again before many years had rolled away.

At the earnest request of Mrs. Hardcastle, Adelaide accompanied them to Europe, where she was to remain a year, to reap the benefit of advantages she could not have received at home.

Although fond of her home, Adelaide was still fond of learning, and the year was lengthened out to two. Then came the announcement that she was engaged to be married, and with it an earnest, manly letter from Cyril, asking the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to his marriage with their daughter.

As the match was a desirable one in every way, the consent was not withheld, but Adelaide was informed that she must return home without delay. Mrs. Hardcastle and Cyril accompanied her, and great was the rejoicing when the long absent daughter was once more clasped to the hearts of her parents.

Adelaide was changed. The change was one that could be felt rather than defined. It did not appear to be the happy change which love ever brings to those who for the first time feel its power. No—although in the presence of her lover, Adelaide appeared happy, there were times when she seemed completely oppressed with melancholy. Hours when she shut herself up in her own room, and allowed no one to enter; not even the mother upon whose bosom she had ever been wont to pour out all her troubles in the days that were gone for ever. Books no longer interested her; indeed she ap-

peared to have no aim in life whatever. When Cyril approached, she seemed almost indifferently to appear interested in what he said to her, but his coming brought not the glad joyousness usually felt in the presence of one's lover, and his going seemed to give no pain.

Ever apathetic, the energy she displayed when over the time for her marriage was spoken of was startling.

"You are not anxious to send me away from you, mamma?" she one day asked when the two were left alone after one of these discussions; and the mother clasping to her bosom the daughter, of whom she was so proud and fond, said,

"You shall never leave me, Adelaide, unless you wish it, and, indeed, I wish I could keep you with me always. Are you not happy in your choice, my child? It is not yet too late to change your decision if you are not perfectly satisfied."

And Adelaide said faintly,

"I am perfectly satisfied, only let me stay with you a little longer."

Charlotte's delight at beholding Cyril again had been repeated, and when he told her that he one day hoped to be her brother, nothing could have exceeded her happiness.

The account which Cyril heard of Charlotte during his two years absence was quite favorable; and indeed the change which had taken place in her was clearly perceptible to all. True, there were times when the hot blood would mount to her forehead, and the angry retort escape her lips; times even when she yielded entirely to the evil spirit which still possessed her, though its hold upon her was growing weaker every day.

The change which had taken place in Adelaide did not escape Charlotte, who marvelled at it greatly. How could Adelaide help being perfectly happy at the prospect of spending her life with one so good, so noble, so devoted to Cyril? She pondered over it long and earnestly, never arriving at any definite conclusion, but fears for Cyril's happiness gaining firmer hold upon her every time she thought of it.

Just at this time, when everything was in so much uncertainty, Charlotte was summoned to the home of the maiden aunt for whom she had been named, and most reluctantly left her own home, feeling that her visit might be lengthened out to any extent, just as the whims or caprices of her aunt should suggest.

"Never mind, Charlie," Cyril said to her in parting, "when Adelaide and I are married you shall come and live with us always, and no Aunt Charlotte shall ever be able to take you away from us."

"Cyril, you and Adelaide will never be married."

They were her last words. Cyril shuddered as he looked after the carriage which bore her away. Though spoken by one who was still a child, it sounded like a prophecy.

And so the weeks sped on. Mrs. Hardcastle and her son still lingered in the home of their friends, loth to leave until a limit was set to Cyril's probation.

Autumn had come again, and the forests were radiant in their livery of crimson and gold. The mornings were charming in their healthful freshness, and of late Cyril and Adelaide had devoted a portion of each to riding, or roaming about the beautiful country in which Mr. Holmes's country-seat lay.

"It is a delightful morning for a ride, Adelaide; will you not come?" Cyril called, as he passed her door, one morning on his way down stairs. "We will have abundant time before breakfast."

No answer was returned, and he knocked loudly. Still all was silent. "It would be a shame to disturb her, she is sleeping so soundly," he said, and passed on. Still the temptation was so great that he could not resist it, and mounting a horse, he galloped off, thinking to be back in time to greet Adelaide upon her appearance in the breakfast-room. Taking a new road, however, he so completely lost himself, that several hours had passed before he found himself upon the road leading homeward.

How little he dreamed of what awaited him. Hastily entering the house, with apologies upon his lips for his long delay, he beheld his mother leaning over Mrs. Holmes, who appeared to be in a half-fainting condition; Mr. Holmes pacing the floor with clenched hands and darkened brow; Clifford in a state of violent excitement, Emily and Bessie in tears, Adelaide absent, and the servants gazing in open-mouthed wonderment. A perfect outburst of groans, sobs, and imprecations greeted his entrance, in the midst of which he learned that some terrible calamity had befallen them.

"Adelaide!" he gasped, dreading he knew not what.

Mrs. Hardcastle twined her arms about his neck, exclaiming in a tone which almost unmanned him, "My poor, poor boy," and then placing in his hand a sheet of paper, said:

"This is all we know."

The family had been seated at breakfast, momentarily expecting the arrival of Adelaide and Cyril, who they imagined had gone out together as usual, when a little boy presented himself with a letter addressed to Mrs. Holmes, who, upon reading it, had fainted. Having restored her to consciousness, the attention of all was turned to the letter, which was then read aloud.

It was from the unhappy Adelaide, who had left her home in the stillness of the night before, to tell them whom she acknowledged her parents would never have given her to "Socially," she wrote, "my husband is not my equal, and for this reason I have refused to allow him to ask for your consent to our union, knowing it would be withheld. That he loves me fondly, truly, he has proved by following me across the Atlantic. That I love him I have proved by forsaking home, friends, and all that I held dear, for him. At present I dare not hope for forgiveness; but I trust that time will soften any feeling of resentment which you may now possess your heart, when you think how ill I have repaid you for the love and kindness you have ever lavished upon me."

And to Cyril said, that I grieve most sincerely over my conduct toward him. I thought I loved him at first; and when I found what it really was to love, I had not the courage to ask him to release me. We never would have been happy together. Years hence, perhaps, he, too, will find what it is to love with all one's soul, and thank me for saving him from a lifelong misery with one who had only his boyish affections."

And that was all. No clue to her whereabouts, not even the name of her husband. She had cut herself off; and even had they felt the desire, they would not have been able to reclaim her.

No human eye witnessed Cyril Hardcastle's

misery. Alone in his own room, he gazed upon which they ever delight to dwell is still loved; and he had thought never again to feel its awakening power.

They are passing now beneath the window, out of which Charlotte had looked, on the first evening of Cyril's first visit so many years ago.

"How little I thought twelve years ago," Cyril is saying, "when I passed beneath this window, and heard the passionate wail of a little girl was sending out upon the air; or afterwards, when she made such a violent display of temper, because I tried to find out the cause of her distress, that she would ever become the noble-hearted being who, having learned that most difficult-to-be-acquired of all arts—self-conquest—is now the most gentle, lovable, and loving of her sex."

"Oh! Cyril, Cyril," Charlotte exclaims.

"My darling, I am not flattering you. Do you not remember that it was said, years and years ago, 'He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city?'"

Charlotte answers not; but as they pass on, she says,

"It seems so strange that you should love one who is neither beautiful like Bessie, nor amiable like Emily, nor clever, like our poor Adelaide."

"And Cyril draws the loved form to his bosom, and whispers,

"To me you are more than beautiful, more than amiable, more than clever. I never dreamed of the happiness that would be mine, Charlie dear, that after all these years you would be ready to love one so ill-treated to your bright, happy self, as the stern man of the world who has taken the place of the Cyril who used to read you so many lectures in the days gone by."

Charlotte raises her beaming face to his, and says,

"I have loved you all my life since then, Cyril. First, with a childish devotion, after that with a girl's idolatry, and now with all the strength of my being."

He does not doubt her for an instant, and he says softly, in a tone that thrills through her whole being,

"Adelaide was right. Having found what it really is to love, from my heart I thank her for saving me from the life-long misery of wedding one who possessed only my boyish affections."

The Time Buzzard.

I do not know how any one could think of petting a buzzard; but a gentleman did, and a very amusing bird it was. No cat ever took more delight in catching mice about the barn than he did. He missed his strokes about as often as he hit; but he would return to the charge again in nowise disconcerted. He took a deep interest in rats also, but was not as much inclined to pursue that sort of game; he was too lazy to take the trouble.

With all his tricks he could never be taught politeness or hospitality to strangers. If a strange gentleman came about the grounds to converse with his master, what should this sassy bird do but fly at his head, and knock his hat over his eyes. The greatest sport he had, was to fly down at his master's feet and untie his shoes, without stopping to inquire whether it was agreeable to him or not.

When his lazy fits came on, you would not catch him hunting for mice and rats, and taking all that trouble. He would follow the gardener or potato-diggers out in the fields, and leisurely pick up the worms and bugs which they turned up with the soil.

I cannot speak much for this bird's magnanimity; that he was simply amusing was the best that could be said of him. A poor wounded jockaid fell into the water, and what should this tame buzzard do but pounce into the water and hold the daw's head under until he was drowned. Now, if he had helped him out, it would have been worthy of a silver collar at least. But the poor bird knew no better, so we will not blame him. We should never think unkindly of any irrational animal, for it has no soul, and cannot sin. It only follows out the instincts God has given it for wise reasons.

A Globe of Gold.

Mr. John Calvin Moss, of England, has started a new theory respecting the centre of the earth. He believes that the interior of our globe, instead of being a vast, fiery ocean, is a solid mass of gold and platinum! Gold and platinum, he argues, are the heaviest substances, and in the cooling of the earth would naturally sink from the surface towards the centre. One-fifth of the earth may therefore be composed of these metals—a globe four or five miles thick. Just think of it! What a pile of money! Enough to pay Uncle Sam's debt, and give us all a million apiece. How provident in nature to establish such a sinking fund, and how providential that it should be discovered just now, when we need it so much to pay off our national debt!

Certainly," says Mr. Moss, with becoming gravity, "no safer place for such a deposit could be found, than the heart of the earth."

But we hope he does not imagine it safe there! Just let our oil-burners get a hint of his theory, and old mother-earth will be bored as she never was before. That will tear her very heart out. The company that proposed to run a canal under all the oil wells, and drain off the whole at one sweep, will undoubtedly relinquish that enterprising, and strike straight for the earth's centre. Petroleum will be nowhere. The Great Central Golden Globe Company will be immediately organized—ten thousand million shares at one dollar a share. Just let us get at that great central globe, and gold will be a drug in the market. Greenbacks will go up to two hundred per cent. premium, and Uncle Sam will be in funds.

Importance of Punctation.

Wanted—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

A School Committee man writes: "We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

A newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and crossed-eyed with pantalons on which never spoke afterwards."

Parade—A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone.

Strops—Articles worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calfskin.

An exchange, describing a celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the prayer of Dr. Ferry, the chaplain."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should sing him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

DRS. HUNTER AND RAMSAY.

Our readers, doubtless, have noticed with both pleasure and profit the interesting and instructive lectures by Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, on certain diseases, which have lately, of regular intervals, appeared in this journal. In next Sunday's Post will be published the first of a series on the symptoms and treatment of consumption, a disease which prevails to an alarming extent in this portion of the country, and one which has hitherto baffled the science and defied the skill of the student among the medical profession. That this fatal enemy of our race, hitherto so downy a species of a few of our population to premature graves, should be beyond the reach of special means, is so strange a fact to be deplored. Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, of old students of medicine have united in denouncing the old routine practice of dosing and dragging the stomach in these cases to worse than useless; and with the introduction of medicated inhalations, by which system the remedial agents are directly applied to the affected parts, consumption had no more. Under these circumstances, we feel sure that our readers will be gratified to learn that Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, the great advocates of this system of practice, have opened a permanent office in this city, at No. 1215 Chestnut street, for the purpose of treating all diseases within their specialty.—Ferry's Press, Dec. 17.

The letter referred to by the Post will appear in next Saturday's Post. We bespeak for it a careful perusal.

Falling Off a Log.

Hedge Triplet was known in the olden times of Arkansas as a lawyer that travelled the circuit, and famous for his marvellous stories. He was original, courageous, and witty. On one occasion, when a creek that was very high had to be crossed, he, together with the judge and lawyers, were compelled to cross the stream on a fallen tree, and swim their horses. Hedge was the first to cross. He had just begun when he heard an unusual noise at the other end of the log, on the opposite side; he discovered a huge bear, in the act of coming over toward him. Both could not cross on the same log, in opposite directions, at the same time; and he thus addressed his brushship:—"Mr. Bear, do you intend to cross this log before I do? Make up your mind quick!" The bear showed his teeth, and growled terribly. Hedge began to show a disposition to retire, but before doing so, he said, "If you will come first, I'll show you a fine specimen of falling off a log!" and off he dropped.

Something New.

A German has introduced combats of women at Dresden, and the account of the proceedings is, that six Amazons entered the arena with light but tight-fitting costumes. Three were matched against three, and they were to give their antagonists complete thrash, wrestling fashion, right on their backs. The women are described as lithe and agile in the extreme, and bringing down rounds of applause as their forms struggle in fascinating and elegant contortions. At length the rounds were complete, and the final heat remained between a colossal sandy lady, and a pretty, neat, and small brunette, who, to the wonder of all present, flung her big opponent on the back with ease. The issue was a gold watch and chain for the victor.

COURAGE OF SCIENCE.—Courage in the battlefield is celebrated in history and in song, but little is said of the courage exhibited in pursuing scientific investigations, though often displaying more real bravery than was ever called into action in war. It is said that when Arago and Delong were employed by the French government to make experiments upon the subjects of the construction and safety of steam-boilers, the task was one of as much danger as difficulty. The bursting of boilers, to which they were constantly exposed in a limited locality, was more hazardous than that of shells upon a battle-field; for while military officers who assisted them—men of tried courage in the conflict—grew pale and fled from the scene, the savans proceeded coolly to make their calculations, and to observe the temperature and pressure upon the boilers almost at the very point of explosion.

The celebrated Ruskin has attempted to solve the domestic servant question, and suggested that one way to get a good servant is to bring up your servant from a child. This proposition, the Saturday Review thinks, is rather hard advice, especially to young persons about to marry, and it says:—"In order to get a useful set of servants by the time you are forty, you must apparently lay in a stock of children when you are five-and-twenty. Servants will take at least as long to ripen as port wine, and they will give a good deal more trouble during the process. Worst of all, when they come of age, they may set up for themselves."

We have often heard of the height of extravagance; lately we heard an instance of the height of economy, bordering on meanness. A man of immense wealth in one of our large cities was sick. At length, after some weeks of illness, he died during the hours of night. A child, only heir to his vast estate, sat by the window, the next morning, watching the advent of the physician. As he approached the house, the bereaved one lifted the eash and cried out: "It's all over, doctor; you needn't come in."

At a protracted meeting, recently held out West, an ancient sister in the church arose and said: "I see young ladies here who think more of gawgaws, furbelows, ribbons, and lace than they do of their Creator. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright-colored ribbons, and sky-blue trimmings; but I found they were dragging me down to destruction, so I took them off—and gave them to my sister!"

We are prepared to believe everything that comes to us from California. A cannon ball, of cast-iron, bedded in solid rock, and a cigar and a carrot, both petrified, have been found in Norada, in a cave just opened, seventy feet below the surface, in the Star-Spangled Banner claim. Had the account said that the cigar was lit and the carrot boiled, we should have believed it just as soon.

A lady having had the misfortune to spend a jug of cream over a main door at a tea party, a gentleman present, a paper maker by profession, consulted her for the mishap, by saying that she had only "converted a main into a cream laid."

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love," on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

There was but one course before him, Cyril felt at once, and cheerfully resigning all hope of further usefulness, for a time at least, made preparations for a journey to, and long sojourn in the United States. Travelling by short stages, through the "Bunny South" in her own dear native land, Mrs. Hardcastle found health and strength returning to her. But Cyril desiring to have the case perfected, determined to gratify every desire of her heart, and to allow her to linger long amid the scenes she loved so well.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, to her one day, "have you no desire to visit your old friend Mrs. Holmes?"

Mrs. Hardcastle started. It was the first time the name had been mentioned by either of them for ten long years. She did desire it most earnestly, longing to learn what had befallen those in whom she had felt so deep an interest, with whom for Cyril's sake she had kept up no communication since they had last parted.

Knowing her son perfectly, she was convinced that he had weighed the matter well before mentioning it, that he was fully equal to the trial he would necessarily undergo, in visiting the scene of his life's great disappointment, and she answered simply,

"I should, indeed, be happy to see Edith once more," knowing that nothing more was needed.

Day was drawing to its close, when the carriage, which had conveyed them from the station, drew up before the gates of the old mansion. Although Mrs. Hardcastle had written to her friend to announce her coming, it was plain to be seen that they were not expected.

No one was visible either in the grounds, upon the portico, or within the house.

Dismissing the carriage at the entrance, the mother and son began slowly to tread the familiar winding path which led to the house. It was not long, but Mrs. Hardcastle, who was still far from strength, was soon fatigued, and requested Cyril to allow her to rest a few moments upon a grassy mound, which had been her favorite resting-place in her former visits.

"You should not have walked, mother, dear," he said, tenderly. "I am sorry I did not insist upon driving up to the door, as my better judgment suggested."

"I will be rested in a moment, my darling," the mother replied, and then added, "I greatly prefer to walk. As we are evidently unexpected guests, the surprise to our friends will be all the greater, if we come upon them without a moment's warning."

"Would you not prefer to rest in the arbor?" it is but a few steps farther on."

"No; this is my favorite seat. But I would like you, Cyril, dear, to see if there is not a spray of the sweet-scented honey suckle I used to love, still to be found on the arbor upon which it once grew so luxuriantly."

Cyril turned a few steps from the path to obey his mother's behest, and was about to enter the arbor—when a soft, sweet voice from within, rang out upon the still evening air, demanding—

"Is that you, Clifford?"

A flutter of white robes, and then a slight, graceful figure stood before him.

Pardon the intrusion," he said, bowing low.

And the lady started back, half alarmed at the unexpected apparition of a stranger.

An instant only, and then in spite of the bronzed face, the heavy, dark beard, and all the other changes time had wrought, he was recognized.

"Cyril!" the cried, starting forward with extended hands, her whole face radiant with the happiness she felt at once more beholding him.

"Is it—can it really be—you are indeed Charlotte?" he exclaimed in bewilderment.

"Do you really not know?" she asked; and then, half sadly, she said, "Oh! Cyril, Cyril, I would have known you, no matter where I had seen you, nor how greatly you had changed."

The coming of those who had for so long been strangers, brought joy to the hearts of all their friends. All declared that nothing could have been more opportune than their visit, coming as it did, when the family-circle which had several times been broken, was once more united.

Clifford, who had married and removed to the "Far West," was at home on a visit, with his little family of four. Emily, who had also married, was there too, with her husband, although the time of their departure was fast approaching. Bessie and Charlotte, lovely young women, still lingering, though they had often been wooed to leave the parent nest, and Edward, a professional young man, who had snatched a few weeks from his duties in the city, to rusticate a while at home. None absent but Adelaide, and she—three or four years before had applied for admission at the door of her once-dear friend, a broken-spirited, feeble, dejected woman, with just enough pride left to prevent her from returning to the home she had voluntarily forsaken, had obtained shelter and the kind attention she needed so greatly, and never after left the haven which had been open to her in her hour of need, though loving hearts had besought her to return to them again and once more fill her place in their midst.

It is autumn again. The sun shines just as brightly, the leaves are as deeply dyed, the air as fresh and life giving, as when, ten years before, Cyril Hardcastle walked slowly by the side of Adelaide Holmes, along the forest paths, and told her of all his love for her. There is

WIT AND HUMOR.

Hans, a la Mode.

The Montreal Witness tells of a ludicrous deception, do doubt suggested by a similar one now in vogue among the ladies:

"It appears that an exhibitor of poultry in one of the fairs at Montreal, took several prizes, and further won high commendations from the judges on the superiority of a certain black hen of the Pouter variety, with a splendid head of top-knot. The next morning, however, certain inquisitive visitors inspected her Pouter's more closely, and discovered the top-knot had been cut from three different fowls, even into a water-fowl, and fastened on the head in question. The cell was good, but not the perpetrator, as the judges at once took from him all the prizes formerly won."

"Other blunders were shown extravagantly when on exhibition, and we don't see why a good, respectable hen should be denied a 'water-fall.'"

A gentleman, now a distinguished merchant of Boston, but formerly a resident of Newmarket, was once engaged in planting potatoes on his farm in that town, when a dry old fellow stopped to watch the operation. The merchant, some enthusiastic then skillful in his farming, was dropping five seed potatoes in each hill.

"Ah! planting potatoes, aye?" remarked Uncle Jerry.

"Yes," replied the merchant, "and if the rot doesn't take them I expect to have a good crop. What time do you think it best to dig potatoes, Uncle Jerry?"

The old fellow looked into a hill and replied, "Dig 'em now; you will never get a bigger crop."

RECENTLY, a person in Rochester, New York, hearing some one about his house, listened a few minutes and came to the conclusion that somebody was trying to break in. Accordingly he armed himself with a pistol, and with weapon in hand took his seat on the floor, with his back against the door. After he had braced for a few minutes the burglar began to push, and the householder continued to push the other way. The man on the outside would get the door open a little way, and the man on the inside would push it back; and in this way they had it for a long time, until the dim streaks of light in the east told of morning, when the man on the outside went away—and we suppose the other went to bed.

THE author of the Troy Opera House, a few evenings ago, perceived in a front seat a person arrayed in black broadcloth and wearing a round-crowned felt hat. The attentive author hurried down the aisle, and touched the spectator on the shoulder with a "You must take off your hat, sir." The head turned round, and a pair of feminine eyes gave the author an indignant look; he retired with a "I beg your pardon, madam," and the audience testified their appreciation of the incident by a subdued applause.

A BEAUTIFUL girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts. "How much are they?" "Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss." "Agreed," said the young lady, pocketing the mitts, while her eyes spoke daggers, "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books and collect it the best way you can." So saying, she hastily tripped out.

GIVE A MAN A CHANCE.—A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

SENTIMENTAL arithmetic calculates thus:—2 glances—make one look; 2 looks—make one sigh; 4 sighs—make one waltz; 5 waltzes—make one palpitant; 3 palpitants—make one call; 2 calls—make one attention; 3 attentions—make one fool (sometimes two); 2 fools—make one flirtation; 1 flirtation plus 2 bouquets equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

NOT A GOOD MATCH.—"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece. To which the young lady replied, "The reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

A LOVER wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire "to some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

"A BOAT-RACE like this," quoth a Cynic, gazing at the Harvard Regatta, "always puts me in mind of a wounded lion." "Ah! pray how?" asked Mary Jane, timidly. "By its slow return," replied the Cynic. Mary Jane fainted slightly.

A STRAY contraband from down South was lately inspecting a horse-power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen hags on ships in my life, but I nebber saw before anything whar a horse could do his own work and ride himself too."

A BOSTON paper says that a heavy pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house, by a policeman, on a charge of cooking in the street—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy town.

Is a country church-yard this epitaph may be seen: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife; and underneath, 'Their carcase is accomplished.'"

"A TRAVELLER" wishes us to explain what came there is just now in the term "railroad securities," seeing there is no security on any of the railroads. We can't do it.

"Still, looking on, my daughter," as the father said to the young lady who was continually sneezing at the view of her instrument.

The man who takes things easy.—The city policeman.



WASN'T it odd, that when Captain Blank was staying at Goldens' country house this Christmas, he and one of the girls should actually find some potatoes growing on one of the trees? We believe Captain B. (with his usual presence of mind) made himself master of the situation.

BREAK THE GLASS.

One of the oddest of fancies is ringing in my ears, About a loyalist custom In the times of the cavaliers.

They used to fill up bumpers And drain them on bended knee, Pouring their wine, as they poured their blood, For the Prince across the sea. And when the glass was emptied Of the generous tide it bore, They were wont to shiver the crystal In pieces on the floor. Because that goblet was holy From the wine that foamed to the brim, No less loyal lip should drain it To a meeker toast than Him.

And after a couple of ages, Upon my loyal knee, I pour the choicest wine of my life, My lady love, to thee! I give you in the goblet, A soul kept white in the strife; A record you will not blush to read— I pledge you a poet's life. I give you in the goblet, My certainty of a name, That the world and Heaven shall not forget, I pledge you a poet's fame. I give you in the goblet, A faith that is firm and just, That time nor change can take away— I pledge you a poet's trust. I give you in the goblet, A faith as in God above— I love you with all the days of my life As only a poet can love.

They say you are fickle and vain; The people tell me "Beware; She can snare your trustful soul In the odorous wealth of her hair!" But I have loved you, darling; I believe you because I mean; I was born to a faith in all things high, So in you I have put my trust.

And if in a fatal winter The worst should come to pass, When the wine of my life is drunken— Ah, then I must break the glass!

AGRICULTURAL.

Casson's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

POULTRY PRACTICE.

Eggs at fifty-five cents a dozen—one-fourth added on average—poultry, beyond the pocket of poverty—abundance of both eggs and poultry—upward. If ever there was a better time and opportunity for country people to pile up profits, and yet by poultry by poultry practice, we have not heard of it.

The danger in this limited by existing rates, a great many people will be tempted into too big a business, and make a mistake. Not that for these down years to come the supply will so nearly equal the demand as to materially effect prices. But that while poultry-raising, and the egg-commerce on a moderate scale is always under good management, immensely remunerative, the rule holds invariably if an excessive business is attempted.

Under all ordinary circumstances, the extreme limit of poultry-practice as far as eggs and chickens are concerned is probably about one hundred hens. Fancier, of simple means, who can afford to maintain several separate establishments, may of course keep a greater number. But for the best returns a family of fifty hens is large enough. Then there require care and judicious treatment to insure the best condition of health and productivity.

Profit only being the consideration, we should begin with an equal number of Black Spanish, and Dominique—the old Jersey Blues—all young, with a cock of each kind, and then permit them to mingle, live, and breed together as they please. The henner ought to be close and warm in winter, with the door and two glazed windows facing the south, and so arranged that in warm weather it can be thoroughly ventilated. During all the cold season, a heap of fine, dry, hard wood shavings, and lime in equal quantities, should

be kept in the hen-house for the fowls to wallow in at will—no danger of vermin then.

All food, except oats, ought to be ground and mixed with tepid water into a stiff dough. Corn and peas ground together makes a fattening food, and hens lay well. Scraps and bits of fresh meat and fish, chopped fine, should be fed frequently.

Nests should be made of hay, or straw ropes, sewed together like an old-fashioned straw beehive—to look as much like a hen's nest as possible, and hidden out of sight behind screens. No hen should be kept for laying after she is three years old. A few may be maintained for step-mothers.

These brief rules being observed, Poultry-Practice can be made very profitable.

PRESERVING GRAFTS.

It frequently happens that scions cut in cold weather, are exposed to severe freezing, or perhaps a bundle of the twigs may lay over for a whole week in some "way-station" where the mean temperature—a very mean temperature for twigs—is at 25. In the first instance, the vitality of the scion has been greatly impaired, perhaps destroyed entirely by the penetration of frost at the cut end, shooting up the capillary ducts, and disarranging the vascular economy, while in the other case the twig will very likely have been bled to death, or its fluids so depleted that though it may survive, and even put forth foliage, as a graft, it can never become a vigorous, fruit-bearing branch.

All scions cut from either trees, shrubs, or vines, suffer to a greater or less extent by delay and exposure to atmospheric influences. For any one to argue that a scion is none the worse for being cut and laid by for a month in cool weather, is to argue in error, and against the imperative necessities of plant life. If a scion, cut and tied up with a bundle of twigs cannot survive always, and grow just as vigorously as it did on the parent stock, then it cannot remain in that condition a month, week, or twenty-four hours without some damage.

But if by an application to the cut part of something that shall act precisely on the plant structure, as the healing salve does upon a wound on man or animal, we can maintain a partially normal condition of the scion, we shall have added very greatly to its chances of life and vigor.

A good many years ago, we saw a New York state farmer experiment with scions, and this was his practice: Cutting a large, sound potato in two halves, as fast as his scions were cut from the tree he thrust the heels to the depth of about three-quarters of an inch into the top side of the potato—each half receiving some fifty scions. The bundles were then wrapped in the leg of an old pair of woollen pantaloons, and laid away in the cellar for the winter. In the spring they were grafted, and nearly all grew well.

If any one will take the trouble next spring, when apple trees are in bloom, to cut a twig bearing, say half a dozen blossoms and as many leaves, thrust the cut end into a large-sized, sound potato, place the potato in a pot of earth, heavily covering it, moisture occasionally, and watch the result, he will very likely argue afterwards that there is something more than moon-shine about a potato's preserving grafts.

BONNUS FROG.

Considerable complaint has been made, and not a little prejudice excited against sorghum, because it will not produce sugar.

Well—let us suppose that the sorghum will not give us sugar—it affords a capital article of syrup, and a great deal of it per acre. It pays handsomely to cultivate the material for that purpose, to say nothing of the leaves making very good fodder for stock; and the cane after grinding and pressing, being convertible into paper.

But sugar, and very fine sugar too, can be manufactured from sorghum. Not this year, or next, or the year after perhaps, in a manner that will make its manufacture profitable. But its time will come—just so surely as any other possibility of the future shall some day become an accomplished fact.

There was a time when the process of clarifying cane sugar was too costly for common manufacturing purposes. Then, it is not very long since, that something better than clay and crude bullock's blood for making sugar white, was a consideration greater than that of granulating sorghum syrup at the present time.

At the Agricultural Department in Washington

ten, there may be seen several samples of sorghum sugar, some of them very fine; and as we write this, we have lying within a few inches of our pen's point, a sample of sorghum sugar, just manufactured, and used up by a friend living in Delaware, as a beautiful material as ever was made from West India cane. It is remarkably sweet, too, as well as very beautiful sugar.

As there are regions of our country where very fine sorghum is grown and cane sugar consequently dear, the process by which the sample before us was made, seems to be worth finding out; and as soon as leisure affords the opportunity, we are going to do it. If our friend down in Delaware can make such beautiful sugar from sorghum, others elsewhere, having his process, can do the same; and even if it costs quite as much as the foreign material, the manufacture of a hundred pounds or so, yearly, of the finer quality, will scarcely be felt where labor is the only out lay, and it will taste all the sweeter for being a home production, besides making the consumer independent of the sea coast monopoly.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds, is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer, than purchased in the winter.

That more stock perish from famine than from food.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when anyone approaches him, is vicious—don't buy him.

That scrumping the feed of fattening hogs, is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children is money lent at a hundred per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study, is more profitable than ten in lounging about country taverns.

That cows should always be milked regularly, and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take some good, reliable, entertaining paper, and—pay for it promptly—of course.

RECIPIES.

Original.

CALVE'S FOOT JELLY.

Take a paper of "Casson's Sparkling Gelatin." Soak it 20 minutes in a pint cold water. Meanwhile put into a china-lined kettle 1 1/2 pints boiling water, a stick of cinnamon, and 1 lb. white sugar. Let these boil 5 minutes. Have squeezed 6 lemons, taking one of them, and cutting off the pith, throw this skin into the boiling water. Put all the into a pint measure: then add as much water as juice. Now fill up the pint with wine. Next, pour this over the dissolved Gelatin, which must be soaked in a large pitcher. Take the boiling syrup from the fire and stir it into the pitcher where all has been put in. Strain it through a fine muslin bag; and, wetting your moulds, fill them and stand in a very cool place.

Selected.

VEAL.—Veal requires particular care to roast a nice brown. Let the fire be the same as for beef. Put it at some distance from the fire at first, to let it roast thoroughly, as it must be well done, but not dried; then draw it near to finish it brown—basting well. For sauce, remove the juices of the meat from the bottom of the roaster, and skim all the fat off, mix in a little flour, salt and pepper, then simmer and serve hot.

FILLET OF VEAL.—A fillet of twelve or fourteen pounds will require nearly four hours' roasting before a good fire. Make some stuffing of a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped beef suet, and as much bread crumbs, a large spoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little sweet marjoram, the rinds of two lemons grated, a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish, a little black pepper and salt; these all mixed together well with two hard-boiled, smoothly-rubbed yolks of eggs. Introduce this through the fillet, secure the stuffing with skewers and twine, baste it well, and make a gravy of the dripping, skim off the fat and thicken with flour. Serve hot.

HIND QUARTER.—If eight pounds, it will require nearly two hours roasting. Baste it and froth it by dredging flour over it as the other roasts.

PORK.—The prime season for pork is from November to March. Great care must be taken that it is sufficiently done. Other meats may be underdone, but pork is uneatable and indigestible if not well cooked.

LAMB.—This requires much attention in the roasting. All young meats should be well cooked. For a sauce, wash clean a handful of fresh green mint, remove the leaves from the stems, mince it very fine and put it into a sauce boat, and stir in one teaspoonful of brown sugar and four tablespoonfuls of good wine vinegar. Green peas in the vegetable course with lamb.

QUARTER OF PORK.—A quarter of good young pork is nice cooked in this way. If very young, the leg and loin should be roasted together. For sauce, nicely stewed apples.

COLDY SAUCE.—Pick and wash two heads of celery, cut them into pieces an inch long, and stew them in a pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt, until the celery is tender. Rub a large tablespoonful of butter with a spoonful of flour well together; stir this into a pint of cream, and put in the celery and let it boil up once. Serve hot, with boiled poultry.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Soak and skin fifteen ripe tomatoes, squeeze them through a sieve to get out the seeds, put them into a saucepan with half a pint of good beef gravy, a little salt and white pepper, and set them in a hot place for an hour to simmer. This is nice with beef-steak, or any made dishes.

"MOLLY," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" asks she. "Fair, it is a sort of half-way house between you and Heaven—and I stand it mighty easy after living you."

We are told that "like cures like." We wish our clever homeopaths would invent a much more valuable system to society by which "cancers" should cure cancers.

The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, is said, is to put the hog in one scale, and some stones in the other, and then judge by the weight of the stones.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 22, 5, 12, 24, 25, 10, is a city in Austria.
My 19, 6, 3, 17, is a very useful article.
My 23, 11, 24, 27, 16, is the name of a distinguished general.
My 1, 8, 6, 31, 26, is a kind of fish.
My 7, 23, 11, 28, 22, 12, 17, is a girl's name.
My 20, 34, 8, 24, 18, is a sailing vessel.
My 14, 28, 12, 23, 15, 23, is a kind of metal.
My 15, 2, 34, 18, is a tree.
My 4, 16, 28, 27, form a part of the human body.
My 20, 21, 31, 12, is an animal.
My whole is the name and address of one of the subscribers to THE POST. "WILL."

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 2, 10, 12, 8, is a song.
My 4, 12, 6, is an animal.
My 8, 2, 9, 11, 13, 6, 7, is a boy's name.
My 6, 4, 1, is a part of a circle.
My 8, 12, 14, 9, 11, 6, 7, is a kind of wine.
My 10, 8, 6, 2, 4, 13, is a girl's name.
My 8, 3, 11, is a vehicle.
My 7, 6, 9, 13, is a marine animal.
My whole is the name of one of the signers of the "Declaration of Independence." R. H. G.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A precious stone.
A malt liquor.
A Roman tyrant.
A straggler.
A city of the West Indies.
An organ of the body.
An aquatic plant.
My initials and finale form two animals. R. H. G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Cut off my head, and you'll see,
That I am elevation be;
Cut off my tail, and you'll find,
A species of vegetable kind;
My whole you will doubtless do,
Before you get this riddle through.
Robbinsville. LEON SINGLETON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a fowl.
My 2d is a graft.
My whole is a boy's name. S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three lines drawn from the angles of a triangle to the centre of the inscribed circle are 40, 50, and 60 rods respectively. The sides of the triangle and the radius of the inscribed circle are requested. JAR. M. GREENWOOD.

Poultice, Adair Co., Mo.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find a trapezium such, that its diagonals shall intersect at right angles, and the sides, together with the diagonals, shall be integral numbers. STONINGTON, CT. DAVID S. HART.

An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the one hundredth root of 2, true to five places of decimals. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Q.—Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? A.—Because he keeps cool (keeps school).

Q.—Why are blacksmiths confirmed sinners? A.—Because they have hardened views.

Q.—Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? A.—Because it is pastured.

Q.—Who is the oldest human on record? A.—Time out of mind.

Q.—Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse? A.—Because he would be all the better with a bit in his mouth.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—The Emancipation Proclamation. ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. RIDDLE.—Stephen Arnold Douglas. DOUBLE REBUS.—Yellow and salmon. (Ypres, Elba, Lowell, Loan, Oporto, Wisconsin.)

Answer to Problem by D. S. Hart, published Oct. 14.—There remains in the oak 1,047,95 gallons of water. Artemas Martin, J. N. Soars, Alfred A. Hubley, and J. D. Rott.

To W. Sturtevant, July 1st.—\$50,233,967.6 squares feet.

To Gill Bates, Oct. 21st.—\$688,416. Morgan Stevens and G. B.

To A. Martin's name date.—846 acres and 2.51 perches. A. Lamy.

To J. Everett's, Oct. 28th.—18 years. Mand. M. Stevens.

OUR little friend Bobby, at the breakfast table one morning, broke out in a new vein: "I don't want mother to marry again," he said. "Why not?" was asked, with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another one."

"CHILDREN" said a confident matron to her inebriated progeny, "you ain't having anything, you want—but you ain't want anything you can't have."